

ADRENALINERS

Carnavalesque
Rebellion

NOV 22-28 2010



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what

will it take...





for you to take

the plunge?



Untitled #24 from The Seventh Wave, 1999-2000 © Narelle Autin.

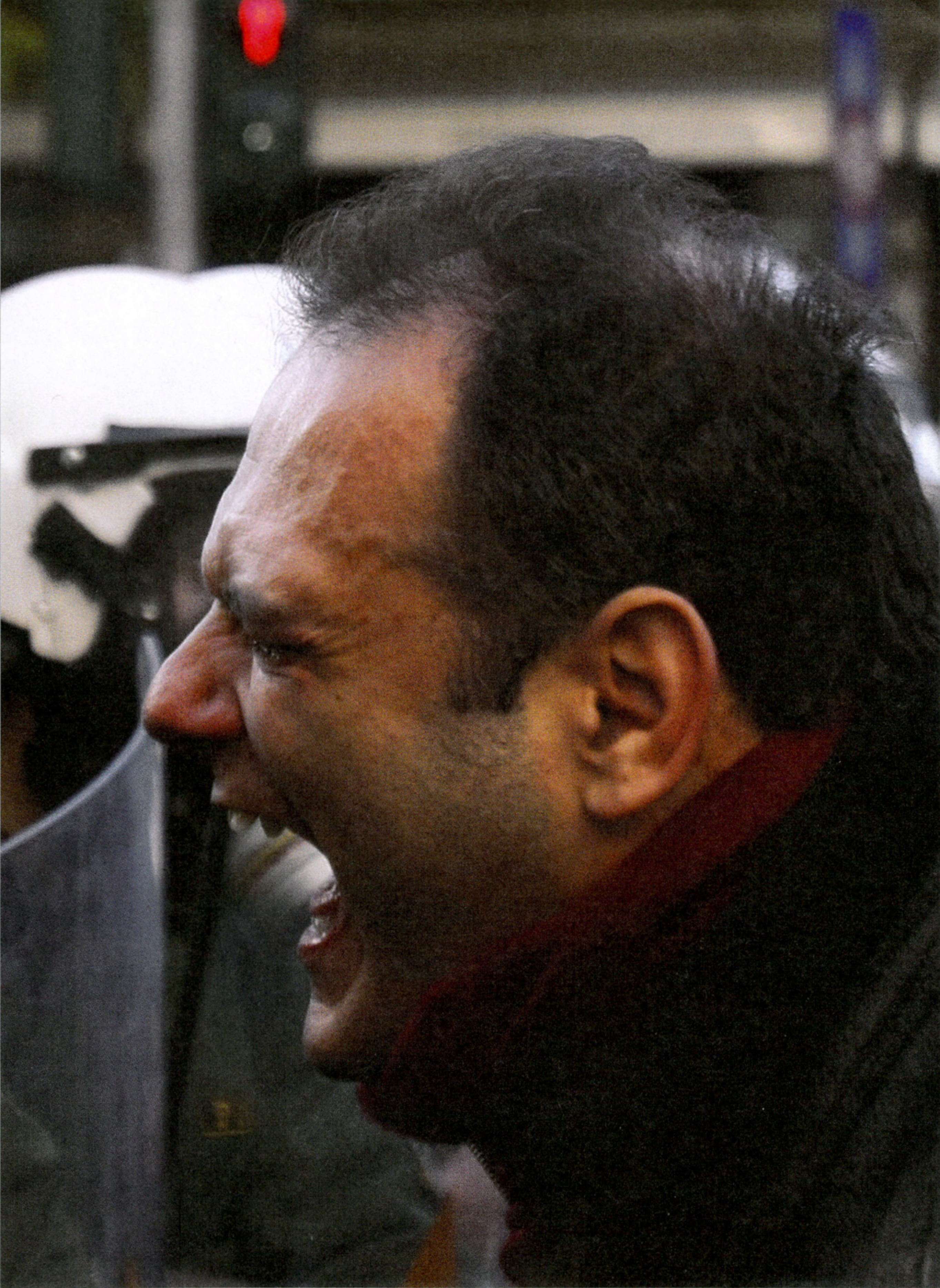


Image courtesy of the artist and Stills Gallery, Sydney.

An out-and-out civil resister simply ignores the authority of the state. He becomes an outlaw claiming to disregard every immoral state law. Thus, for instance, he may refuse to pay taxes, he may refuse to recognize the authority of the state in his daily intercourse. He may refuse to obey the law of trespass and claim to enter military barracks in order to speak to the soldiers.

In doing all this he never uses force and never resists force when it is used against him. In fact, he invites imprisonment and other uses of force against himself.

– Gandhi





An out-and-out civil resister argues to himself, that a state allows personal freedom only in so far as the citizen submits to its regulations. Submission to the state law is the price a citizen pays for his personal liberty. Submission, therefore, to a state wholly or largely unjust is an immoral barter for liberty. A citizen who thus realizes the evil nature of a state is not satisfied to live on its sufferance. Thus considered, civil resistance is a most powerful expression of a soul's anguish and an eloquent protest against the continuance of an evil state.

– Gandhi





CARNIVALESQUE

NOV 22—~~REBELLION~~—28 2010

A few people start breaking their old patterns, embracing what they love (and in the process discovering what they hate), daydreaming, questioning, rebelling. What happens naturally then, according to the revolutionary past, is a groundswell of support for this new way of being, with more and more people empowered to perform new gestures "unencumbered by history."

DAY 1 / THE AWAKENING
DAY 2 / THE DISESTMENT
DAY 3&4 / THE MEME WAR
DAY 5&6 / THE PULLING
DAY 7 — WE REST



Abyss, 2006, Narelle Autio



Our schoolbooks would like us to believe that social change must always be gradual and peaceful. Sudden, abrupt changes are seen as disruptions of a "normal" functioning society. "Respectable" society looks upon mass protest, civil disobedience, strikes, disruption and revolution with horror. But fundamental social change rarely comes gradually. Industrial unions didn't come to this country by the gradual addition, year after year, of a few new unions. On the contrary, mass industrial unionism came in an explosion of organizing and mass strikes over a period of about five years, from 1934 to 1938. The gains of the civil rights movement were achieved through heroic civil disobedience and mass protest in the face of systematic racist terror.

While governments caution the governed to act peacefully and to refrain from drastic action, they themselves reserve the right to use overwhelming force. There was nothing gradual about the invasion of Iraq.

Revolution is the ultimate social leap -- a period when the gradual accumulation of mass bitterness and anger of the exploited and oppressed coalesces and bursts forth into a mass movement to overturn existing social relations and replace them with new ones. A few days of revolutionary upheaval bring more change than decades of "normal" development. Rulers and systems that seemed invincible and immovable are suddenly unceremoniously toppled. Revolution is not an aberration in an otherwise smoothly functioning society.

The last three centuries have been filled not only with wars, but also with revolutions and near-revolutions. A list of only some of these gives us an idea of the scope of revolutionary upheaval since the dawn of modern capitalism: the American Revolution (1776-87), the French Revolution (1789-94), the US Civil War (1861-65), the European revolutions of 1848, the Russian Revolutions (1905 and 1917), the German Revolution (1918-23), China (1925-27), the Spanish Civil War (1936-39), the Hungarian Revolution (1956), Chile (1973), Portugal (1974-75), Iran (1979), Poland's Solidarnosc uprising (1980-81). This partial list is enough to put to rest the notion that revolutions are rare or unusual occurrences.

Paul D'Amato, *The Meaning of Marxism*

DAY 1

THE



AWAKENING

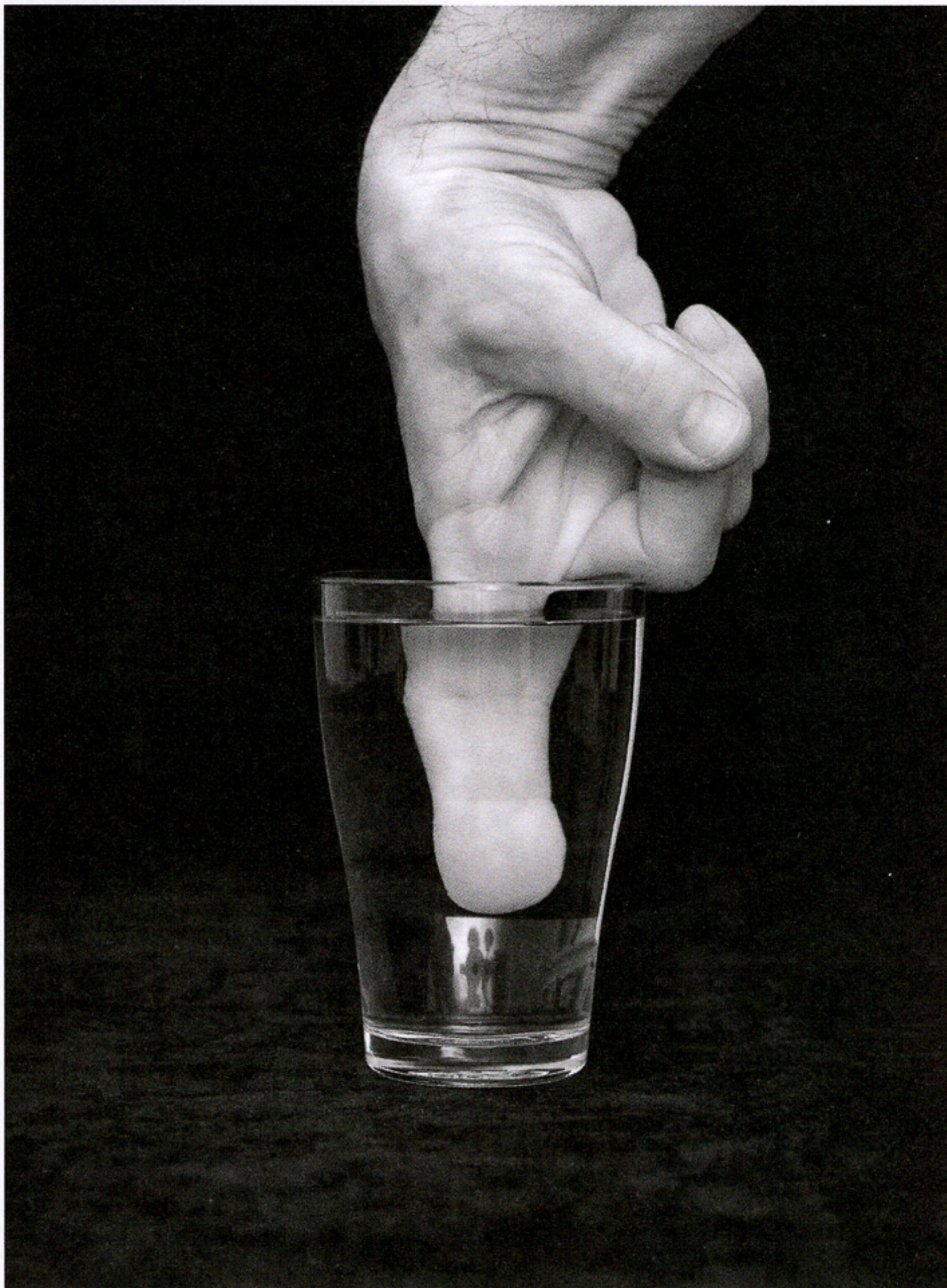
Had I not been subject to darkness,
I could not have seen the light.

Midrash



A man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, is looking out of a window at night. His right hand is pressed against the glass. The window reflects the interior lights and shows a view of trees outside. The lighting is dim, with a warm glow from the window.

EVEN AS I SIT AND LISTEN TO MY FAVORITE SONG ON YOUTUBE, IT DOESN'T RENDER FULLY ... AND STOPS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MY GREATEST THOUGHT. LIFE: A SERIES OF UNDERSTANDING MOTIVES, ESCAPING REALITY OR INTERPRETING IT, FINDING PEOPLE WHO CONNECT WITH YOUR MORE THAN PURELY SOCIAL STANDPOINTS, AN UNIMAGINABLE LONGING, A DESIRE TO FIND A PURPOSE, TO FULFILL A DREAM OR TO LIVE IN A DREAM, TO EXIST SUBSTANTIALLY FOR THE SAKE OF EXPLORATION. WE DIE, AND ALL THIS GOES BLACK, BUT NOT BEFORE WE FIND OURSELVES DISTRAUGHT AS TO WHAT TO DO WITH OUR TIME ... A BLONDE GIRL DANCES IN AN ICE CUBE ... OUTSIDE THE DOGS BARK AT SHADOWS AND NOISES; I YELL AT THEM, BUT WHAT ELSE DO THEY HAVE?——ANDREW T. MCGARY



PROPOSAL FOR A WATER MONUMENT FIG. 1

Per Maning

Empire is ...

... not an enemy that confronts us head-on.

It is a rhythm that imposes itself, a way of dispensing and dispersing reality. Less an order of the world than its sad, heavy and militaristic liquidation.

Against Empire stands the insurrection, "not like a plague or a forest fire
— a linear process which spreads from place to place after an initial spark.

It rather takes the shape of a music, whose focal points, though dispersed in time and space, succeed in imposing the rhythm of their own vications, always taking on more density."

— from The Coming Insurrection by the Invisible Committee



I followed them: I saw them go down
Bucarelli to Reforma with a spring in their
step and then cross Reforma without
waiting for the lights to change, their
long hair blowing in the excess wind
that funnels down Reforma at the hour of
the night, turning into a transparent
tube or an elongated lung exhaling the city's
imaginary breath. Then we walked
down the Avenida Guerrero; they weren't
stepping so lightly any more,
and I wasn't feeling too enthusiastic
either. Guerrero, at that time of night, is
more like a cemetery than an avenue,
not a cemetery in 1974 or in 1968, or 1975,
but a cemetery in the year 2666,
a forgotten cemetery under the eyelid
of a corpse or an unborn child, bathed in the
dispassionate fluids of an eye that tried
so hard to forget one particular thing
that it ended up forgetting everything else.

Roberto Bolaño, Amulet

We are all in a room with four walls, a floor, a ceiling and no windows or door. The room is furnished and some of us are sitting comfortably, others most definitely are not. The walls are advancing inwards gradually, sometimes slower, sometimes faster, making us all more uncomfortable, advancing all the time, threatening to crush us all to death.

There are discussions within the room, but they are mostly about how to arrange the furniture. People do not seem to see the walls advancing. From time to time there are elections about how to place the furniture. These elections are not unimportant: They make some people more comfortable, others less so; they may even affect the speed at which the walls are moving, but they do nothing to stop their relentless advance.

As the walls grow closer, people react in different ways. Some refuse absolutely to see the advance of the walls, shutting themselves tightly into a world of Disney and defending with determination the chairs they are sitting on. Some see and denounce the movement of the walls, build a party with a radical program and look forward to a day in the future when there will be no walls. Others – and I among them – run to the walls and try desperately to find cracks, or faults beneath the surface, or to create cracks by banging on the walls. This looking for and creation of cracks is a practical-theoretical activity, a throwing ourselves against the walls and also a standing back to try and see cracks or faults in the surface. The two activities are complementary: Theory makes little sense unless it is understood as part of the desperate effort to find a way out, to create cracks that defy the apparently unstoppable advance of capital, of the walls that are pushing us to our destruction.

Capital has become the Real in our lives:
the Real whose demands are more absolute
than even the most pressing problems of
our natural and social world.

Slavoj Žižek



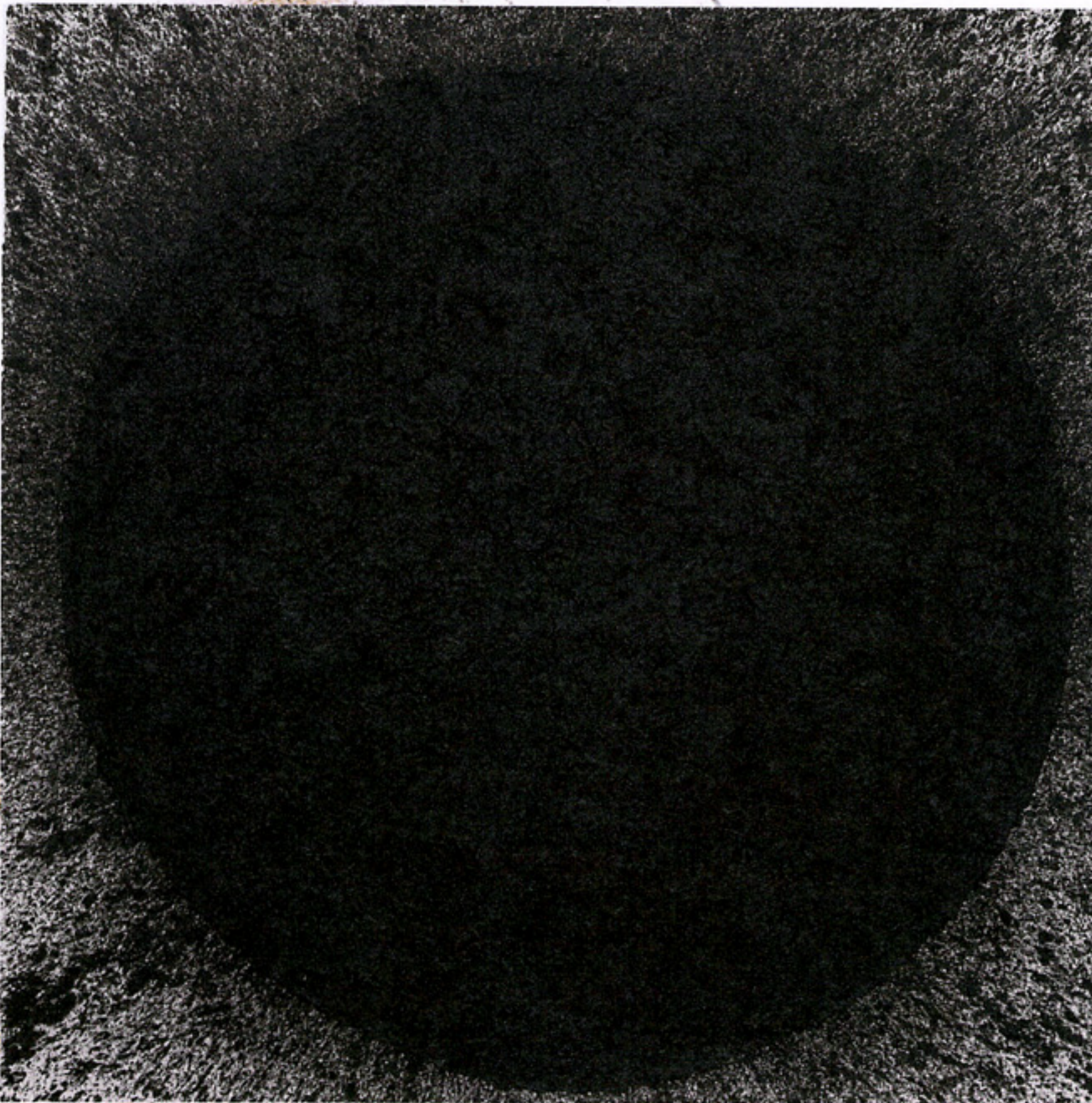
May Day Demonstration, May 1, 2009, London. (Photographer unknown)

Anarchist Bombings of 1919

Inspired by Luigi Galleani, 30 bombs targeting the wealthy explode across America; all are accompanied with a flier that proclaims:
"... It is war, class war, and you were the first to wage it under the cover of the powerful institutions you call order, in the darkness of your laws ... There will have to be bloodshed; we will not dodge; there will have to be murder: we will kill because it is necessary; there will have to be destruction; we will destroy to rid the world of your tyrannical institutions."

Wall Street Bombing of 1920

Thirty-eight dead, over a 100 seriously injured when a horse-drawn carriage explodes outside J.P. Morgan bank.



© Richard Serra. Courtesy Gagosian Gallery

Over the past 30 or so years, most people have chosen to pursue the rewards of conformity instead of the fruits of revolt. What they have been left with are ugly and stupid lives, ugly and stupid places and a planet pushed to the very edge of destruction by capitalism's efforts to keep feeding them new promises of consumable happiness.

But the thought that one is wasting one's life is not a cheerful one, and respectable citizens everywhere have gone to considerable lengths to avoid it. They have erected elaborate architectures of lies and self-deceptions in an attempt to persuade themselves and others that their work is not petty nonsense directed by contemptible bosses to idiotic ends, that their families are not desolate bunkers of mutual contempt and shared incarceration, that their leisure and friendships are not collections of inconsequential games and insubstantial interests, that their holidays are not banal tramps through despoliation, that the ways in which they think they avoid the common vulgarity are not entirely spurious, that their pleasures are not dreadfully small.

They cling to these illusions with ferocious desperation; but the whole house of lying ghosts and grim parodies is a fragile one, and it is threatened by the depredations of delinquency. To the extent that delinquency prevents respectable citizens from misperceiving themselves as happy and free people who are blessed with rich experiences and who continue to grow as individuals, it provokes their fury. It threatens to take away the very little they have, and to replace it with nothing. It threatens to bring them face to face with a poverty of everyday life that has been there in one form or another all along.

Since the Second World War, advanced capitalism – and the quest for contentment through consumption that it fosters – has generated a long series of consumable youth rebellions. This series has included the teds, mods, rockers, hippies, skinheads, punks, rave culture and the worlds of hip-hop and rap. Each of these has put forward its own particular array of clothes, music, drugs and cool behaviors as an authentic and ecstatic alternative to the misery of unskilled and semiskilled work and the ways of life that honest and conforming people pursue. Indeed where mainstream employment and commerce have more or less completely abandoned an area – as they have every ghetto in North America – cool culture and cool criminality may appear to be the only realistically available means to avoid poverty and obtain a sense of dignity. But none of these rebellions has marked the slightest departure from the global domination of the commodity and its logic. They have served only to assimilate young people into yet more external models of thought and action, into yet more waves of commodity production and consumption. The delinquents of today remain stuck in this pseudo-rebellious process. Consider, my friends, their sportswear, trainers, caps and jewellery; the ways in which they walk, talk, fight, fuck and get high; and their view of what makes up the good life. Do these not reveal the extent to which they are seeking to gain status and pleasure by acting out a small local variation on a few global gangster templates the dominant society has shown them?

"It probably had a little to do with the gangster films we saw. Like a gang had a lot of drugs or money. They did drugs, had the coolest cars and chicks, that kind of thing ... Mostly we got it from films and those kind of things." – Swedish heroin user.

Consider, too, their unbroken, nervous concern for the visible approval of their friends. Does this not show how the individual is subordinated to a domineering collective? For all their defiance, the delinquents essentially live much as others do. Assimilating oneself into an external image of the good life – and submitting to a collectivity – is a perfectly ordinary form of alienated existence in the existing society. The delinquents are mistaken to associate this state of affairs with autonomy, excitement, shrewdness and freedom. They may purchase some fragile self-esteem, kicks and acceptance. They may even secure some precarious means of survival. But they pay for them with the usual currency of self-alienation.

Wayne Spencer, significantfailure.blogspot.com



Jóé Szabo



Sorry WE'RE SORRY



Worldwide cognitive dissonance starting November 22

This article is an extract from *Requiem for a Species: Why We Resist the Truth About Climate Change* by Clive Hamilton. The book is available from earthscan.co.uk/requiem.

Governments around the world no longer represent the interests of the people but are now in thrall to a powerful group of energy companies and the ideology of growth fetishism they embody.

Even the most dim-witted observer can see that these corporations are “more interested in commerce than humanity,” as Thoreau wrote, and are run by executives who are, to put it most charitably, misguided and self-interested. This is truer today after the remolding of democratic political systems to give greater influence to lobbyists and insiders. The climate crisis is upon us because democracy has been corrupted: Influence has replaced representation and spin now substitutes for honest communication. The “professionalization” of the major political parties has turned them into finely tuned vote-getting machines. Instead of being the expressions of competing social forces and ideologies, they are driven by polls, focus groups and minute demographic analyses. Political campaigns now occur largely in the mass media: A channel between the people and their leaders that is filled by an army of specialists whose task is to craft messages and cultivate editors. This is possible because the power of social movements has waned, and visionary politics has been swamped by the lure of affluence. For the most part, environmental organizations too have been sucked into the political game of influence-peddling and media management, with their leaders resigned to incrementalism – a strategy now mocked by nature’s power.

The passivity of the public has allowed our political representatives to become more and more dominated by a professional class of power-seeking individuals who stand for little other than self-advancement. Political parties have been hollowed out, with memberships shrinking and remaining members deprived of all influence. In Britain, for example, with the expectation that after years of New Labour the Conservatives will form the next government, lobbying companies are releasing staff close to the Labour Party and hiring Conservatives – with a view to having instant access. The *Sunday Times* reports that “more than 50 prospective candidates chosen by the main parties are already working as lobbyists and public relations executives and are deeply enmeshed in the world of spin and politics.” PR veterans describe the two career paths, lobbying and politics, as “a natural fit.” The influence of corporate lobbyists is checked only when it becomes too transparent or when the pressure to ease up on regulation jeopardizes the system as a whole, as occurred with the deregulation of finance in the United States before the crisis of 2008. Reclaiming democracy for the citizenry is the only way to temper the effects of climate disruption and ensure that the wealthy and powerful cannot protect their own interests at the expense of the rest of us. To do so requires a new radicalism, a radicalism that refuses to be drawn into short-term electoral trade-offs and that aims to shift the ground of politics itself.

We all value and benefit from a law-abiding society. Yet at times like these we have a higher duty and are no longer bound to submit to the laws that protect those who continue to pollute the atmosphere in a way that threatens to destroy the habitability of the Earth. When just laws are used to protect unjust behavior, our obligation to uphold the laws is diminished. In the usual course of affairs it is right to allow the normal democratic process, however slowly its wheels may turn, to change the laws to reflect the new reality. In 2008 the truth of this was acknowledged in the case of six Greenpeace protesters arrested for causing criminal damage to the Kingsnorth coal-fired power plant in Kent, scaling its smokestack and painting a slogan on it. Persuaded by the defense’s argument that the protesters had a lawful excuse – for in causing damage they were trying to prevent the greater harm being done by the power plant to the climate – the jury of ordinary citizens acquitted the six.

Global warming presents us with a uniquely challenging historical predicament. In the great struggles for universal suffrage, civil liberties and against slavery and unjust wars, victory meant the end of the problem – or at least the beginning of the end of the problem. In the case of climate change victory can come too late. A sudden awakening in a decade by governments and the people to the dangers of climate change will be too late; the global climate system will have shifted course and the future will have been taken out of our hands. In such times we have moral obligations other than obedience to the law. We feel we owe obedience to a higher law even though we have to accept the consequences of disobeying the ones in the statute books. It is for this reason that those who engage in civil disobedience are usually the most law-abiding citizens – those who have most regard for the social interest and the keenest understanding of the democratic process.

With runaway climate change now jeopardizing the stable, prosperous and civilized community that our laws are designed to protect, the time has come for us to ask whether our obligations to our fellow humans and the wider natural world entitle us to break laws that protect those who continue to pollute the atmosphere in a way that threatens our survival.

Despair, Accept, Act. These are the three stages we must pass through. Despair is a natural human response to the new reality we face, and to resist it is to deny the truth. Although the duration and intensity of despair will vary among us, it is unhealthy and unhelpful to stop there. Emerging from despair means accepting the situation and resuming our equanimity; but if we go no further, we risk becoming mired in passivity and fatalism. Only by acting, and acting ethically, can we redeem our humanity.

Clive Hamilton, is the author of *Growth Fetish*, *Scorcher* and most recently *Requiem for a Species: Why We Resist the Truth About Climate Change*.

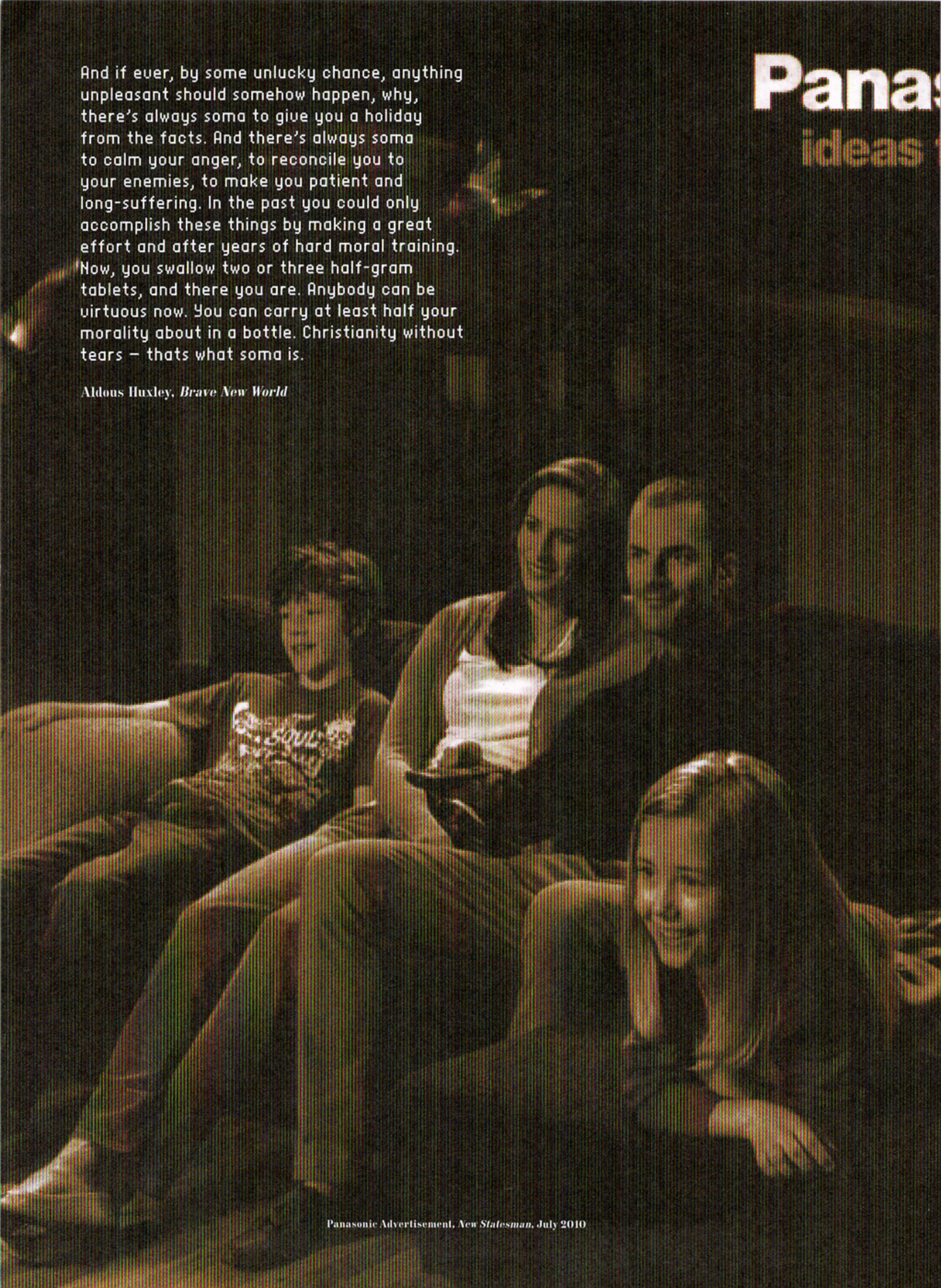


Pakistan 2010 Flood, Sajjad Qayyum, AFP Photo





Russia 2010 Wildfires, Artyom Korotayev, AFP Photo



Panasonic

ideas

And if ever, by some unlucky chance, anything unpleasant should somehow happen, why, there's always soma to give you a holiday from the facts. And there's always soma to calm your anger, to reconcile you to your enemies, to make you patient and long-suffering. In the past you could only accomplish these things by making a great effort and after years of hard moral training. Now, you swallow two or three half-gram tablets, and there you are. Anybody can be virtuous now. You can carry at least half your morality about in a bottle. Christianity without tears – that's what soma is.

Aldous Huxley, *Brave New World*

Oh you,
new young mind.
Born of our hopelessly Westernised world.
Programmed to consume,
To mindlessly plumb the shallows of your temptations.
Thank you advertising,
and an ethos of greed.
What will be left, Soylent Green?

- Kendall Francis



Hello Adbusters,

I am 12 and I know what world I'm inheriting.

If you want to know how it feels, it's like watching an uninvited and unwanted person enter a party. Most people just ignore them. Even though you can see the body language and you can read the facial expressions, people are just too lazy or too polite to get involved. Most people prefer to stick their heads in the sand rather than face the hard facts. Please teach anyone and everyone you can about the world's problems. Don't hide the bad bits from my generation,

because for the earth's sake we all need to know.

Frances Grimshaw



Alright, I'll let you keep building settlements even though it's against international law.

If you don't, we'll make sure you lose big in November.

Stephen Crowley: The New York Times, Redux

Dear Adbusters,

I was saddened by your one-sided coverage of the Red Shirt protests in Bangkok this April [Adbusters, #91]. I was in Bangkok during this time, and I can tell you that the issue is not as simple as rich vs poor. In fact the protests were funded by an ousted dictator, Thaksin Shinawatra, who is currently taking refuge in Saudi Arabia. This man's assets have been valued at over \$2.2 billion. He is a very scary man who has never had the poor, or anyone else's interests, at heart.

I work with a small village of Burmese refugees who purchased land in northern Thailand during the 80s to escape the dictatorship in their own country. Under Shinawatra's government these people were told their land was not legally purchased (it was, and they eventually won their case in court) and all of the men in the village were imprisoned for three years. Once released, the villagers were persecuted by their neighbors and many of them were shot and killed. I am close with a family whose son is nine years old and has an ugly scar on his head from the bullet that killed his father. The tribal girls

had been barred from receiving an education under the Shinawatra government and the first group were only recently allowed to attend school under the new (and according to your coverage "evil") government.

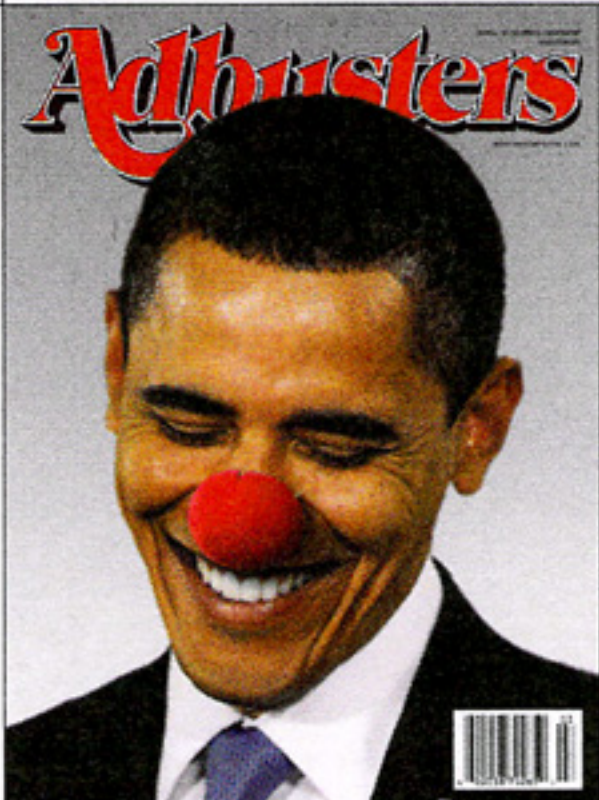
Thailand has a very low literacy rate amongst the poor, which is advantageous for a man like Shinawatra as it allows him to feed them false rhetoric. Illiteracy is the easiest way to oppress the masses. Rather than a grassroots protest of the people, the Red Shirt movement was made up of many people who were paid to attend the demonstrations, given gifts such as cell phones and trinkets and bombarded by the Red Shirt media with promises of a new way of life. Sadly, a new way of life for the poor has never been the intention of Shinawatra or his military associates. The illiterate protesters were just pawns in his attempt to regain power.

The Red Shirt protesters sacrificed themselves, believing that they were fighting for the poor in Thailand, when in fact they were taking bullets to return a dictator to power.

Janelle Pietrzak

A revolutionary paper must be, above all, a record of those symptoms which everywhere announce the coming of a new era, the germination of new forms of social life, the growing revolt against antiquated institutions. These symptoms should be watched, brought together in their intimate connection and so grouped as to show to the hesitating minds of the greater number the invisible and often unconscious support which advanced ideas find everywhere when a revival of thought takes place in society. To make one feel sympathy with the throbbing of the human heart all over the world, with its revolt against age-long injustice, with its attempts at working out new forms of life – this should be the chief duty of a revolutionary paper. It is hope, not despair, which makes successful revolutions.

Memoirs of a Revolutionist by Peter Kropotkin

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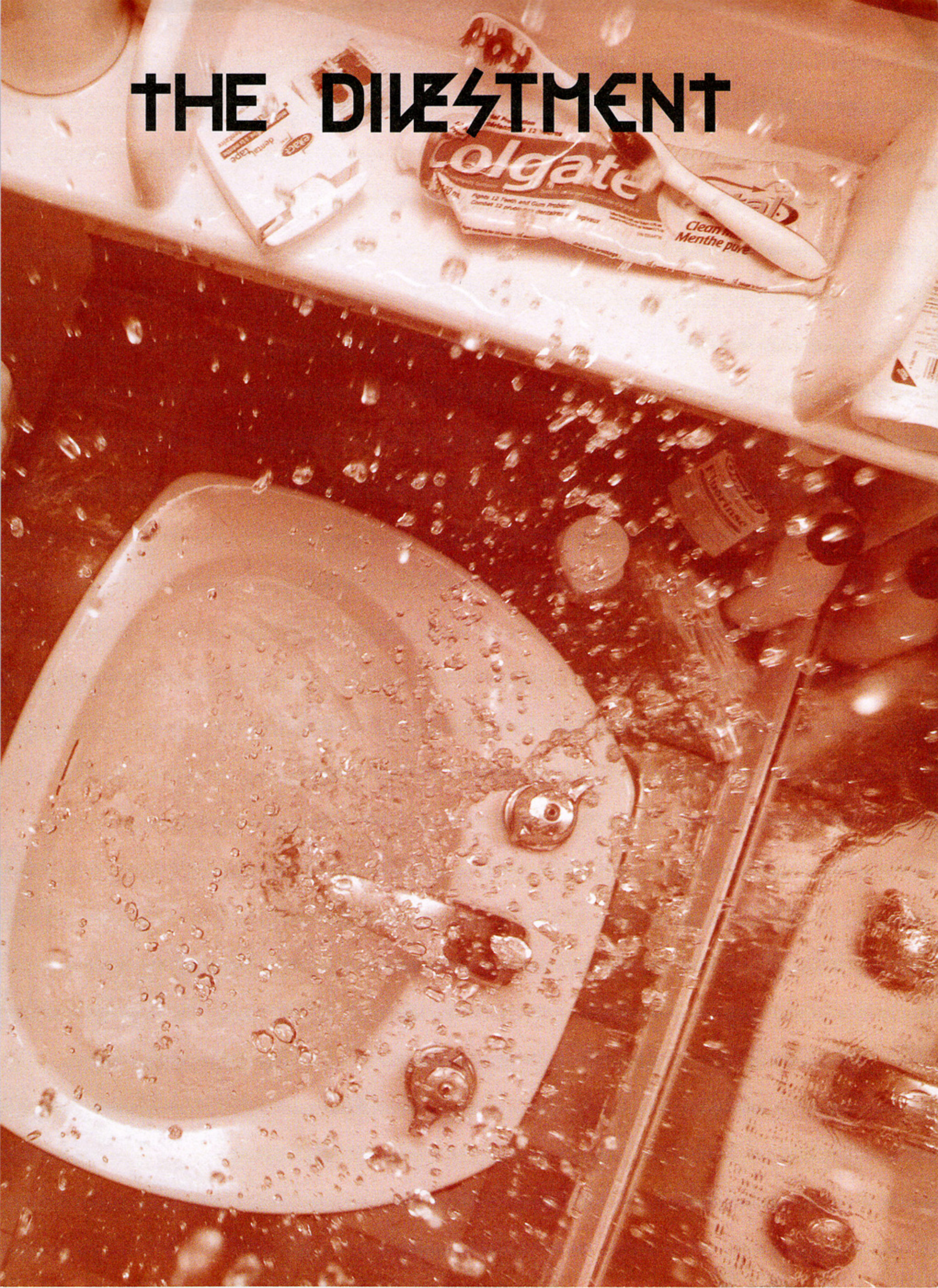
DAY 2

What good will it be for a man
if he gains the whole world,
yet forfeits his soul?

Matthew 16:26

Ruth Skinner

THE DIVESTMENT



COSMOPOLITAN

THE
BEST
ORGASM
TRICKS
IN THE
WORLD!

Give
yourself a
Brazilian
without Bursting
into Tears

100
Questions
10-Word
Answers
to All Your
Relationship
Issues

IF
YOUR
BRAND
IS NOT
SELLING
THEN YOUR
IDENTITY IS
WORTHLESS.
TIME TO
MAKE A
CHANGE.

THE
SEX
ISSUE

SO MUCH
295
Heidi
How She
Damn Thing

His Bu
Sex
Satisfy the
Man Won't

Tight
in

TRU
How
Ni
to T

Why Men
Marry Some
Women—and
Others

Cosmopolitan, May 2010

\$5.49



Cracks break with the logic of capitalist society. To that logic, we oppose a different way of doing things ...

We want to break the system, the social cohesion that holds us in place and obliges us to act in certain ways.

Dignity is a cutting edge shearing through the tight, tough, compact weave of capitalist domination. Dignity is an icebreaker, its sharp bows cutting into an enormous mass of compacted ice, the apparently unbreakable horror that we call capitalism. Dignity is a pickax wielded against the encroaching walls that threaten to crush the whole of humanity. Dignity is a blade hacking at the strands of the spider's web that holds us entrapped.

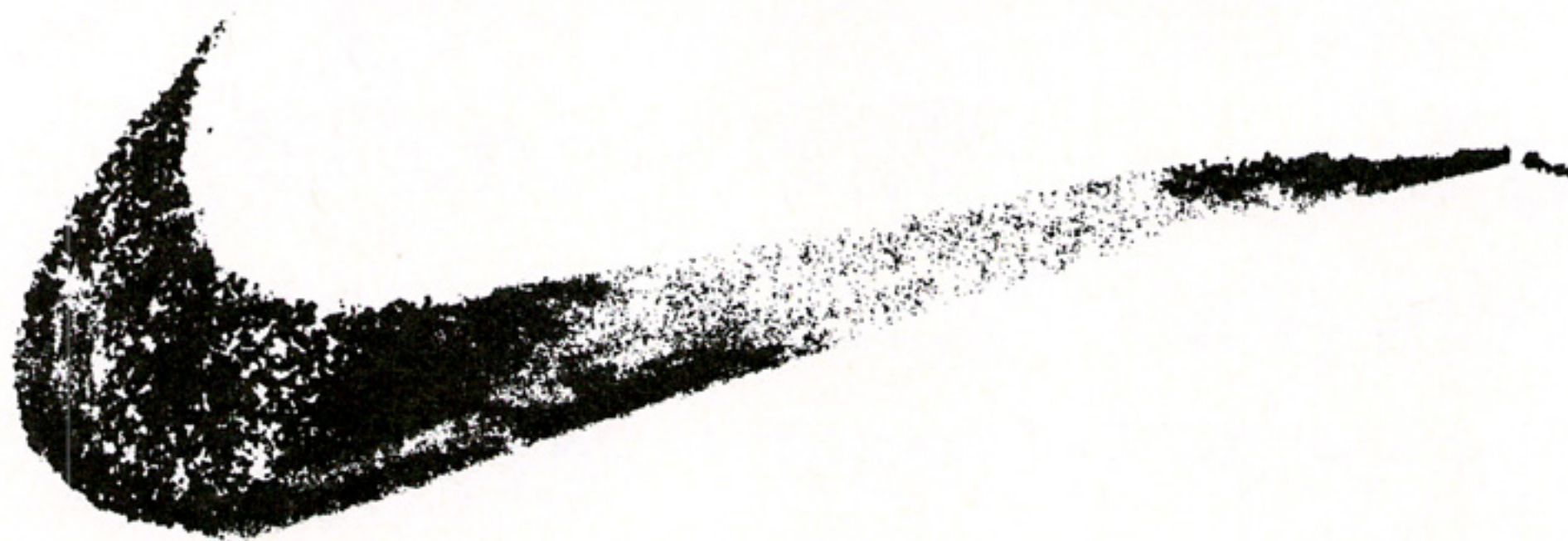
The weapon of dignity is otherness, other-living, other-doing. The otherness of dignity is a weapon, an otherness-against, a misfitting directed (explicitly or not) against what we do not fit into: a world of exploitation and destruction.

The spaces and moments we have called cracks are often described as autonomous spaces, or spaces of exodus or escape. We have tended to avoid these terms here simply because they draw attention away from the crucial issue: the conflict between these space-moments and the world that surrounds them. It is important to sing the glories of the worlds that are being created, the new social relations and the new ways of doing things. But we cannot go very far without talking of the clash with the world these dignities are opposed to. There is a constant antagonism, a constant pressure to make the otherness yield to the enormous cohesive force of the society that surrounds us. The spaces are not autonomous, though they aspire to be. They are rather cracks, the sharp ends of a social conflict.

Dignity is an attack on capitalism, but not necessarily a confrontation. To confront capital is to allow it to set the agenda. Dignity consists in setting our own agenda: This is what we shall do, irrespective of capital. If capital chooses to repress us, to co-opt us, to imitate us, so be it, but let it be clear that we lead the dance. This certainly does not mean, cannot mean, that we cease to struggle against capitalism, but that as far as possible we take the initiative, we set the agenda, we make it clear that it is capitalism struggling against us, against our lives, our projects, our humanity.

Dignity is to refuse-and-create: to refuse to serve capitalism; and to create a new world. In an article on the movement in Oaxaca, Gustavo Esteva comments, "Thousands, millions of people assume now that the time has come to walk our own path. As the Zapatistas say, to change the world is very difficult, if not impossible. A more pragmatic attitude demands the construction of a new world. That's what we are now trying to do, as if we had already won." Building a new world does of course mean changing the existing one, but the shift in emphasis is crucial: Instead of focusing our attention on the destruction of capitalism, we concentrate on building something else. This is an inversion of the traditional revolutionary perspective that puts the destruction of capitalism first and the construction of the new society second.

To make a new world means to cut the web that binds us into the cohering force of capitalist society, so that we can create something different.



Tactical Briefing Nike

Converse Chucks – for years they were worn by counterculturals and rock & roll rebels. Nike attempted to buy their way into this spirit by purchasing Converse in 2003. Nice try, Nike. Some kinds of cool can't be bought. Not with the profits of a

thousand sweatshops. It's time to walk away from this pathetic megacorporation and its subsidiaries: Converse, Hurley, Umbro, and Cole Haan.

Here's the hashtag to show your contempt: #UNSWOOSHNIKE



Tactical Briefing Starbucks

Vow with me never to walk into a Starbucks ever again. Instead find the most interesting indie coffee shop around and put down roots. Get to know the people who own and work in the place and make it your new hangout. Individually your coffee dollars are mere drops in the coffee pot, but you are not

alone. When tens of thousands of us walk away collectively, millions of dollars bleed from the bank accounts of the megacorporations and flow into the cash registers of our friends and neighbors.

Here's the hashtag that will get authentic coffee culture brewing: #NOSTARBUCKS

MOVE YOUR MONEY!

How Investing in Corporate Banks Corrodes the Soul

I've never thought of putting money in a bank as a spiritual activity. It seemed the prototypical business transaction with few ethical sides to consider. But I recently read an article by Kevin Arsenault who challenged this view of banking. He said that when we accommodate ourselves to corporate rule and capitulate to a system we know to be morally repugnant, we sacrifice our self-esteem and authentic spirituality. He talked about the constant pressure that wears down our resistance, a pressure to accept and conform to the practice and values of dominant systems, and about how these social compromises can corrode our spirits.

At the time when the article was written (1996), it was probably more difficult to convince someone that the big banks were a morally repugnant entity and that giving them access to your money might be a moral issue, but these days, after the economic collapse in the United States, the view of big banks as practitioners of evil doesn't seem so far-fetched.

In Matt Taibbi's 2009 article "The Great American Bubble Machine," he describes Goldman Sachs, the world's most powerful investment bank, as "a great vampire squid wrapped around the face of humanity, relentlessly jamming its blood funnel into anything that smells like money." A world overrun and squeezed by these insidious tentacles is our reality. We now live in what Taibbi calls a "gangster state, running on gangster economics" where the rules of the game are rigged by the big banks. Over the last two years American banks have foreclosed on the homes of over half a million families, and this year RealtyTrac estimates that one million more American families will lose their homes to the banks. Obviously the kind of organization that profits by forcing millions of desperate families out of their homes is not something many of us would like to support, but the strange thing is, we do. Many of us willingly put our money into these repugnant entities who profit by rigging the stock markets, manipulating our governments and turning families out into the streets.

I think it's high time we seriously consider the kinds of systems we support with our money, for the good of our societies and for the health of our spirits. Perhaps, instead of placing our money in their trusts, we ought to stand up to these Goliaths and reclaim our moral centers.

But how?

There is probably no simple answer, no smooth stone that a brave soul can fling toward its exposed forehead, but there is a simple and obvious first strike: **Move your money.** Take power away from your corporate bank and put it in a local credit union. Take it out of the stock market and let it mature slowly but surely in long-term savings. Will you make as much money by putting it in a term savings account as you would by letting your portfolio manager gamble with it on the stock market? The bankers certainly won't advise it, but the millions of people who have lost everything by following the "low risk" advice of bankers and used their home equity to gamble in the great casino of capitalism – the stock market – those people might be wary of the bankers' promises of low risk returns. And for good reason. But the question of profitability as the ultimate decider of how we invest our money may be the wrong question to begin with. Perhaps our emphasis on this question signifies our adoption of the banker's ethics and goals. Maybe, instead of thinking first about profitability, we ought to start our investment process by asking questions about the characters of the beasts we

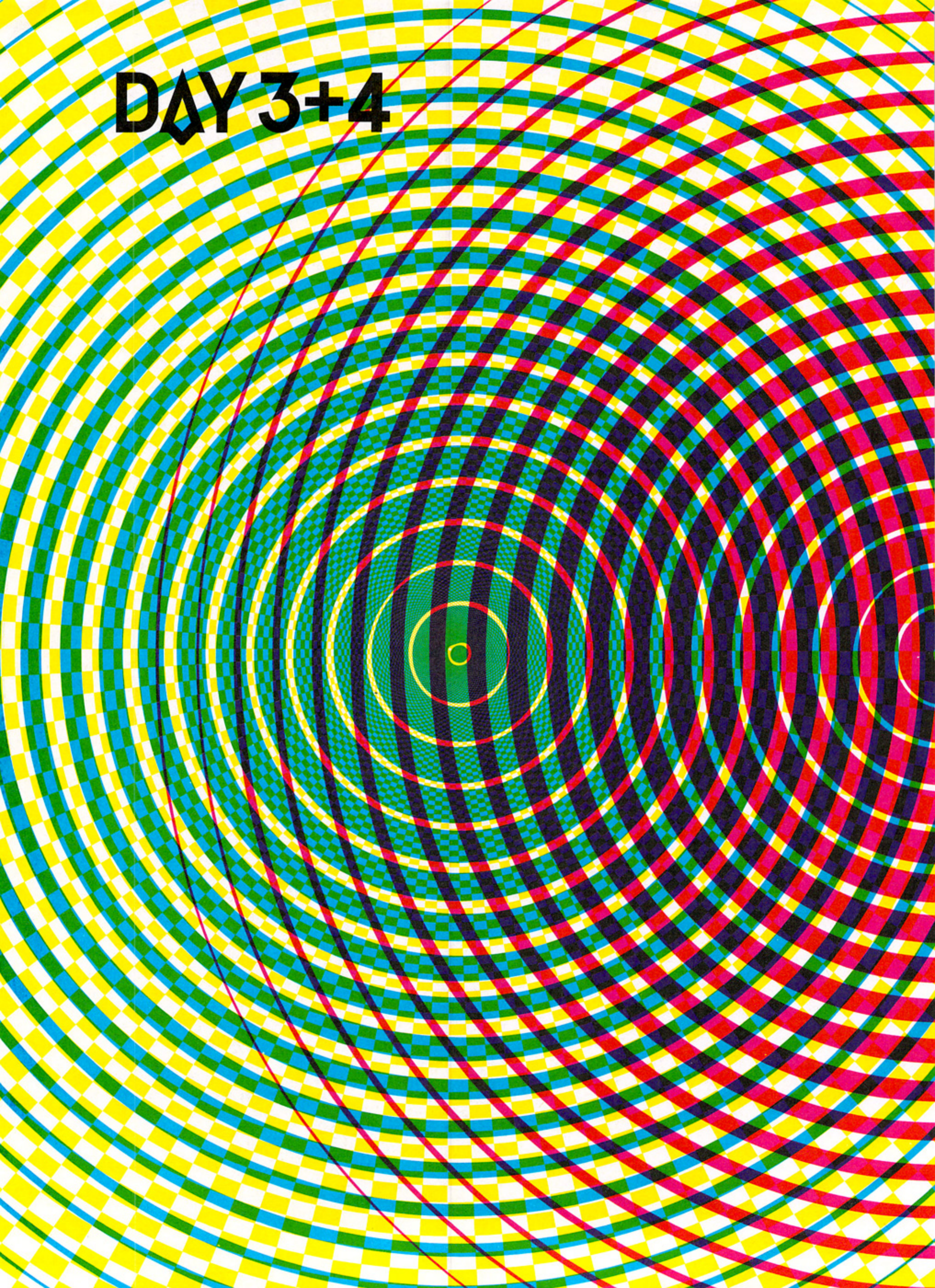
are dealing with. Instead of giving power to beasts we don't like (corporate banks), we ought to start investing in organizations that we would like to see succeed, like our local credit unions, and not invest in megacorporate entities that corrode our spirits and wage war on our societies.

Before America's Civil War, the system of slavery placed many people who listened to their conscience in a similarly precarious moral position: They found themselves living in a land where injustice was established by the law, where those who did the most evil made the greatest profits and where many of their neighbors were not troubled by any of it. A former slave who became an inspirational speaker on black liberty and the injustice of slavery, Frederick Douglass, challenged the American people in 1857 to struggle:

Those who profess to favor freedom and yet depreciate agitation are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. They want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters. This struggle may be a moral one; or it may be a physical one; and it may be both moral and physical; but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will.

Andrew Tuplin

DAY 3+4



THE MEME WAR

**We break
the regime's
monopoly on
the production
of meaning ...**





Sentiment without action is the ruin of the soul.

Edward Abbey



People in a mall are a mob of narcotized shopping zombies. It's your duty to liberate as many of these poor souls as you can from their perpetual role in this horror flick, *Night of the Shopping Dead*.

If you see someone sitting on a bench, accost them: "Get off that bench! Resume shopping! We've got a planet to consume!"

Always subvert the stupidity of the marketing campaigns. Go into the Gap and ask if the "1969" jeans have been on the shelf for 40 years.

Go into Victoria's Secret where the pics of the barely postadolescent models wearing almost nothing are plastered

everywhere on the walls and ask if this is the adult bookstore and can you have \$5 in quarters.

When in a high-end store like Lord & Taylor stop right in the middle of that obnoxious gang of perfume-spritzing ladies in black, remove a booger from your nose and look at it with same pride that the woman in front of you has for that bottle of Channel No. 5 she just paid \$50 for.

Another favorite tactic: As you pass this haute couture stink zone, wave your hand back and forth, pretend you're passing out and shout, "Oxygen! Oxygen!"

Bring a pillow from home and stuff it in your shirt or under your coat. Smile at the security guards as you exit the mall.

Steven Martin



Dear Adbusters,

You don't have to take part in a riot to be a revolutionary. I'd like to invite my fellow adbusters to join me in a food revolution. Start from where you are right now and *be* the change.

I'm experimenting with growing herbs and vegetables (you can grow a pot of lettuce in a sunny window or on a fire escape), learning to make simple cheese and country wines, looking into keeping a couple of pet chickens for eggs, and sourcing as much of our edibles as possible from farmers' markets and indie stores close by. Cook up something new and healthy. Make some ricotta or jam. Brew beer in your

closet. Start a compost bin. Move the focus of your house away from the TV and computer and back into the beating heart of a working kitchen and garden. Every step in this direction brings us back to the roots that sustained us as humans for hundred of thousands of years.

I truly believe that if even one in ten people started doing this and teaching these values to their children then we could make a huge impact on our world.

Rowen Fia

P.S. I highly recommend the book *The Urban Homestead* by Kelly Coyne and Erik Knutzen.

What will you BBM your friends on Nov. 22?



Tactical Briefing

The post-consumer generation will demand greater meaning in life.



Banksey, Rickshaw, banksey.co.uk



cut out and post Nov 24/25

Tactical Briefing

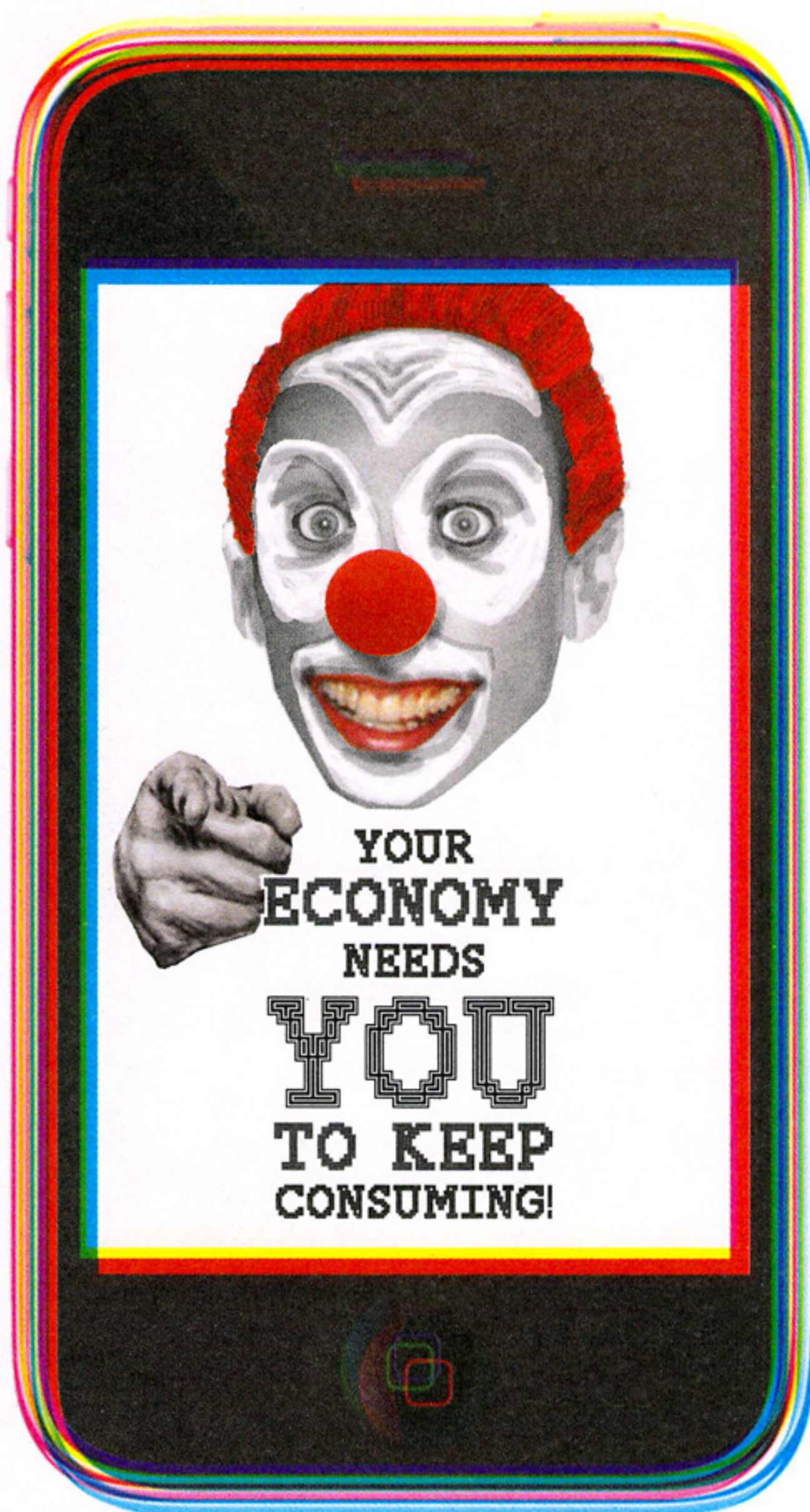
2.8 Tons.

In a fair world this number represents your own annual CO₂ emission limit – a limit necessary to maintain a hospitable climate on this planet. Right now developed nations are a long way off the mark. The average North American is responsible for about 20 tons of CO₂ emissions per year – seven times the per person limit.

The idea that we should share global carbon emissions is called the “per capita principal.” At its heart is the notion that every person living on the planet equally shares the right to emit greenhouse gases. If all seven billion of us share equal carbon emission rights, then climatologists estimate that 2.8 tons of CO₂ is the limit that each person can emit if we are to have a good chance at keeping the planet’s mean annual temperature from increasing by more than two degrees Celsius (which in 2009 many G8 leaders, Obama included, agreed we must do).

What will be the result if we fail to achieve this goal over the next nine years? Extinction, probably. According to leading climatologist Hans Joachim Schellnhuber of Germany, if we fail to reduce our per person carbon emissions to 2.8 tons by 2020, the human species stands little chance of survival.

This November, during the Carnavalesque Rebellion, let’s go viral with this idea.

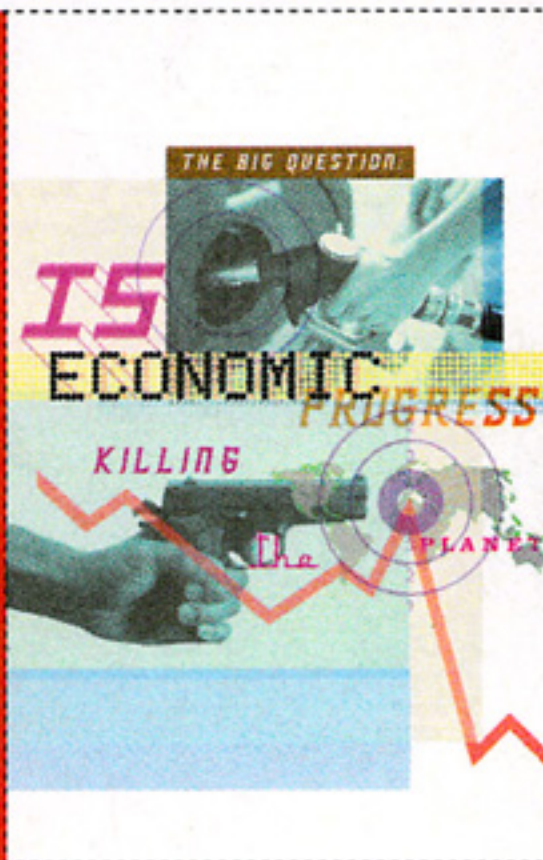




Launch these memes and more November 22nd.



adbusters.org

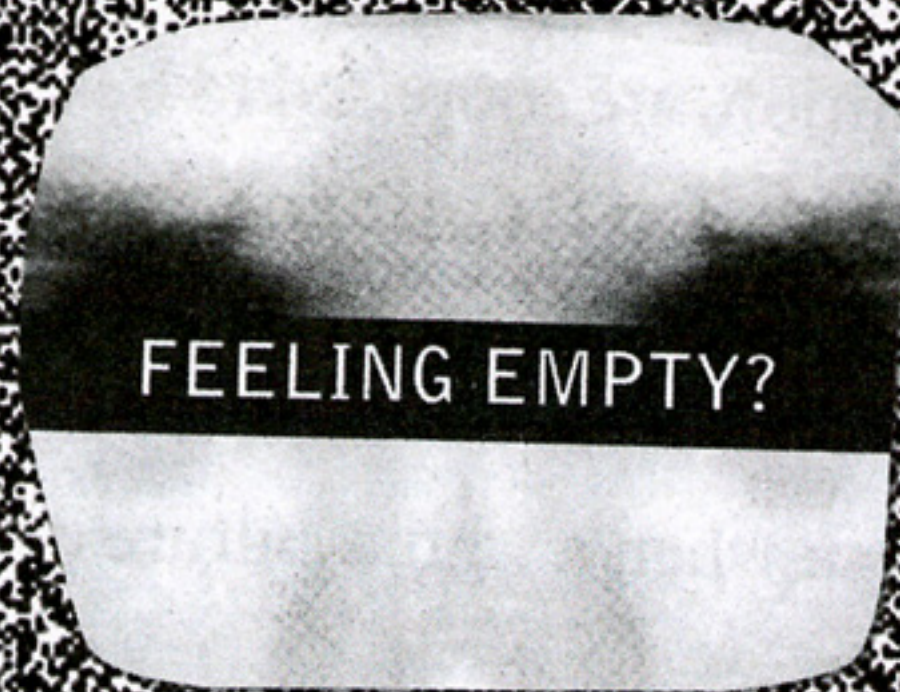


Download them at memewarriors.org

✂

**GO AHEAD,
BUY ANOTHER,
PAIR OF NIKES**

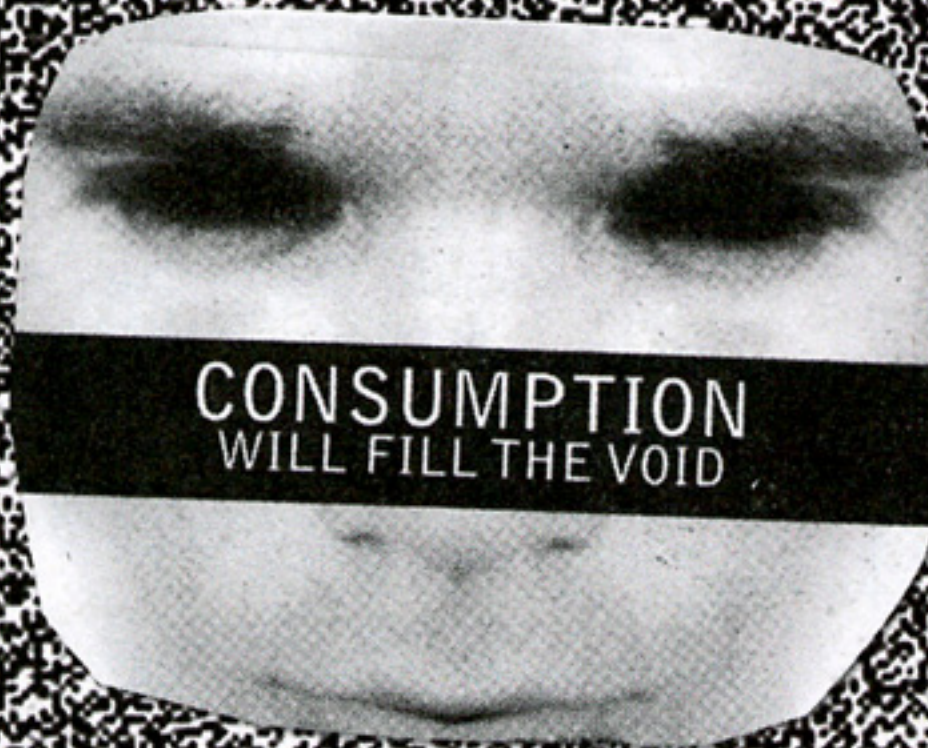




FEELING EMPTY?



DON'T WORRY



CONSUMPTION
WILL FILL THE VOID

TV INTERUPTION

Airing on CNN, Buy Nothing Day (Nov 26)



CLASS WARFARE



Pin this to your prof's door: -----

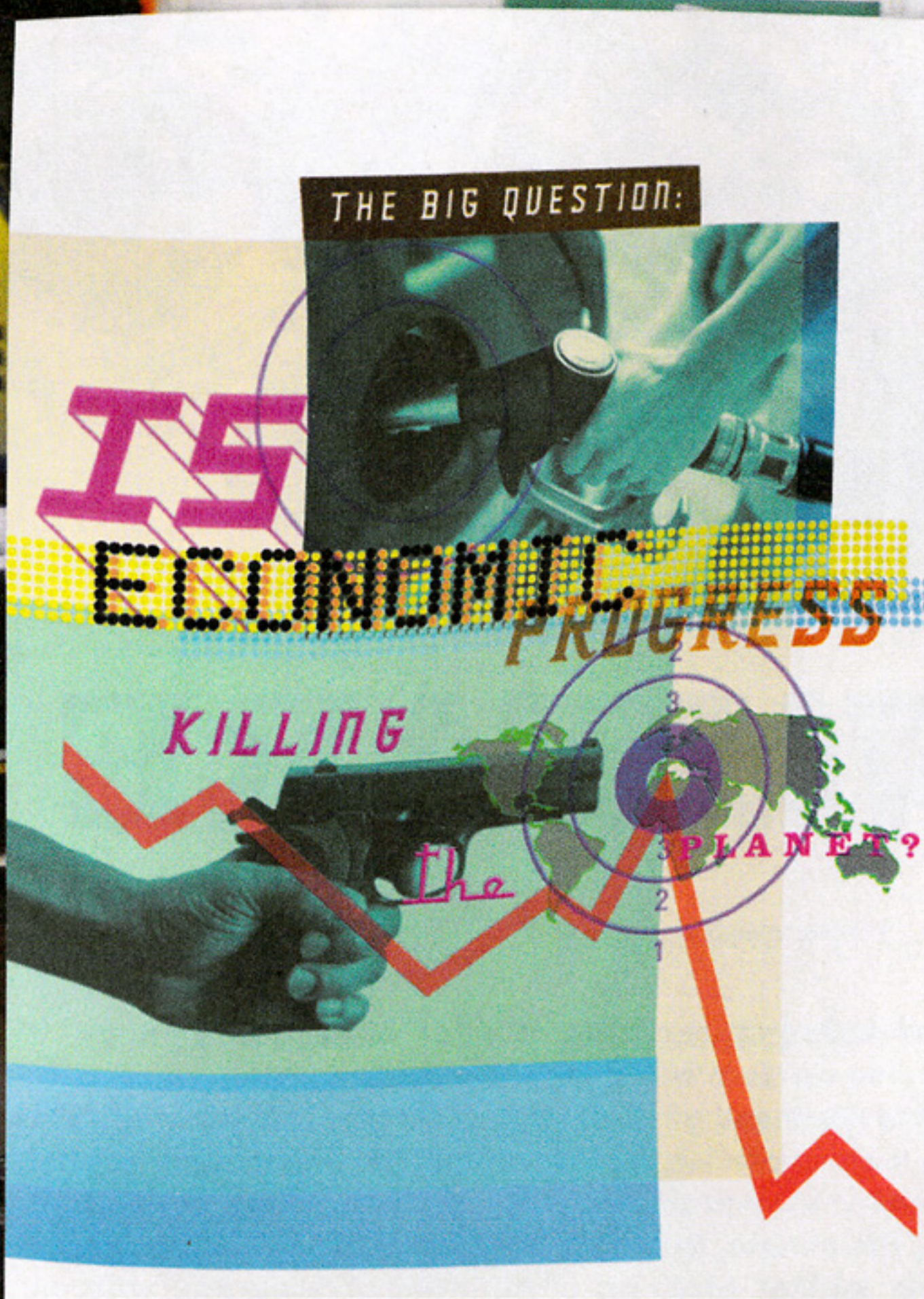
With glaciers, ice caps and permafrosts melting at ever-increasing rates, causing alarming rises in sea levels and shifts in the oceans' currents, playing havoc with ocean temperatures, salinity and the livelihood of all earth's water-dependent inhabitants (every single living organism); with motor vehicles, a status symbol of the modern capitalist-consumer age, an advertising-led and urban-sprawl necessity entering, filling, congesting our roads in hoards of hundreds by the minute, driving pollution and a giant oil-hungry machine that plunders and rapes our mother earth for all her natural resources, ensuring a quickened death to our home, are we throwing it all away? Are we burning it all down? Or are we simply guaranteeing a grim future for the few generations that will live beyond our neglect, our selfishness and our greed? We live on the bloated corpse of an economic system that is no longer relevant to our time, and – since its very first day – has been completely detached from the very home our race inhabits. Controlled by a small number of maggots feeding on its insides and poisoning us all, will we see the light and change our ways, before the nature that supports us is bled of all it has to lose?

Carlos Hurworth

MEME WAR

ON

CAMPUS



The classic textbook certitudes of economics are crumbling. The chaos of our present day financial system is forcing economists to reconsider everything they believe as the profession enters an almost Nietzschean period of creative destruction. Economists are being forced to admit that their understanding of nonlinear, real world systems is frail at best and that their abstract models often fail. The neoclassical paradigm of economists, now half a century old, is crumbling,

and a new, more chaotic, more biologically based paradigm is struggling to emerge. Everything must be rethought: banking, financial regulation and credit, right down to the bedrock fundamentals of economics (growth, freedom, happiness, progress). Make sure that you and your university are part of it.

<kickitover.org>

BREAK FREE!

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THOUGHT CONTROL IN ECONOMICS



Kick it over!

Neoclassical economics



Tactical Plunge

Universities must be open to change and to new ideas – especially where the old ways of thinking are clearly and obviously broken. University should be a place in which innovation and dissent are acknowledged and rewarded. You can help your university become this kind of a place. Become an agitator, a provocateur, one of the students on campus who posts heterodox messages up on notice boards and openly challenges professors in class. You can become a meme warrior, a paradigm shifter.

<kickitover.org>

Kick It Over Manifesto

We, the undersigned, make this accusation: that you, the teachers of neoclassical economics and the students that you graduate, have perpetuated a gigantic fraud upon the world.

You claim to work in a pure science of formula and law, but yours is a social science, with all the fragility and uncertainty that this entails. We accuse you of pretending to be what you are not.

You hide in your offices, protected by your mathematical jargon, while in the real world, forests vanish, species perish and human lives are callously destroyed. We accuse you of gross negligence in the management of our planetary household.

You have known since its inception that one of your measures of economic progress, the Gross Domestic Product, is fundamentally flawed and incomplete, and yet you have allowed it to become a global standard, reported day in, day out in every form of media. We accuse you of recklessly projecting an illusion of progress.

You have done great harm, but your time is coming to a close. Your systems are crumbling, your flaws increasingly laid bare. An economic revolution has begun, as hopeful and determined as any in history. We will have our clash of economic paradigms, we will have our moment of truth, and out of each will come a new economics – open, holistic, human-scale.

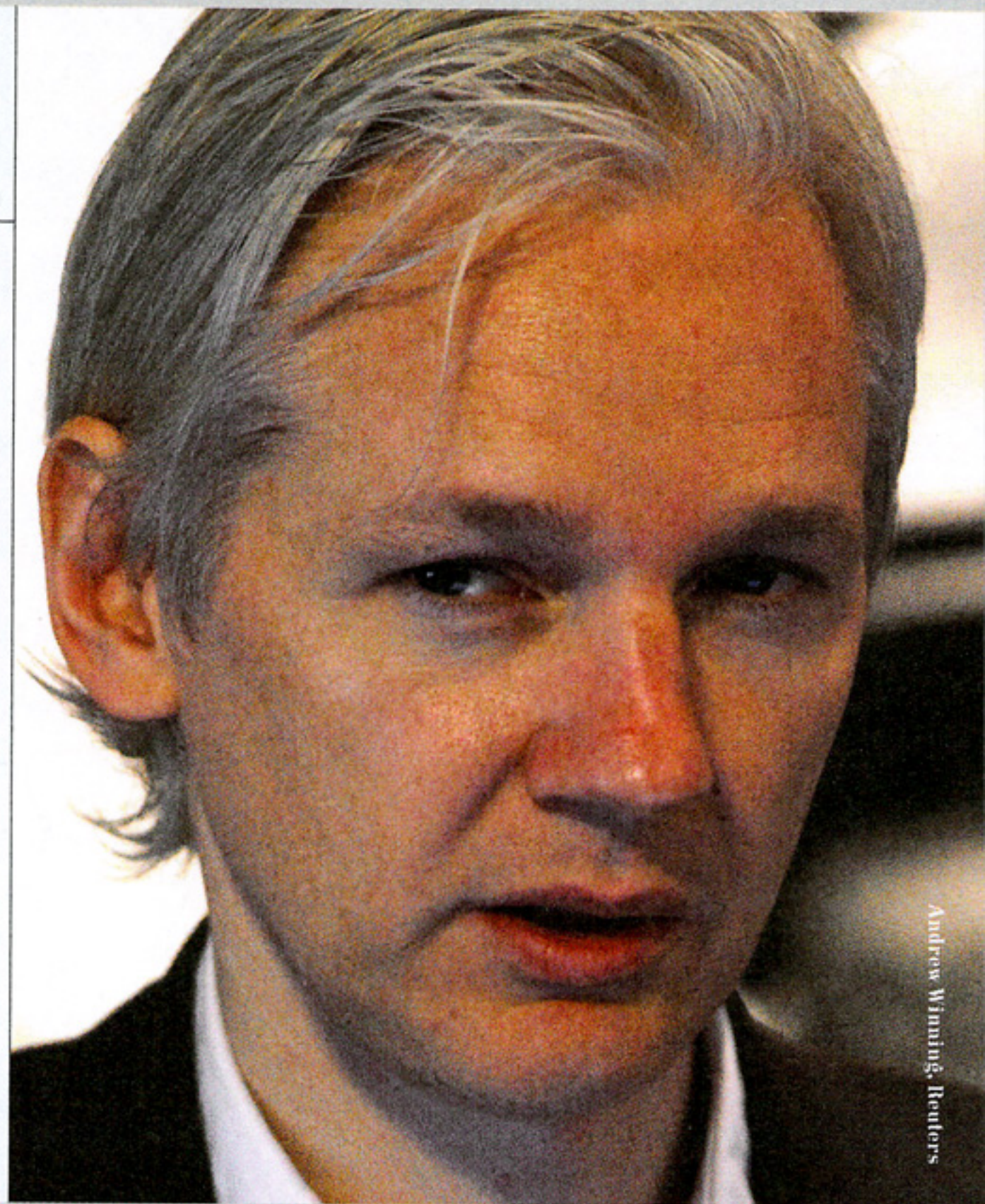
On campus after campus, we will chase you old goats out of power. Then, in the months and years that follow, we will begin the work of reprogramming your doomsday machine.

Sign the manifesto at
KICKITOVER.ORG

Action

Don't be timid, don't be afraid this November 22, download this Manifesto from kickitover.org and post it on your professor's door.

Metameme Warrior



With the release of a video entitled “Collateral Murder” last April, the mysterious organization WikiLeaks declared war on secrecy in the United States and forever changed the way American wars can be packaged and sold to the public.

The leaked footage showed an American Apache helicopter killing 18 people including two Reuters journalists in Iraq in 2007. The crew’s callousness and macabre humor as they calmly unleashed hell on unarmed men and children sent shockwaves around the world and revealed the brutal reality of America’s foreign occupations.

Describing itself as a media insurgency, WikiLeaks recently raised the stakes by releasing over 91,000 classified military documents from US operations in Afghanistan. One of the largest leaks in American history, the “War Logs” exposed the previously unreported killings of hundreds of Afghan civilians and revealed the extent to which the Taliban’s strength has grown.

Predictable outrage over the leak exploded out of the White House, Pentagon and conservative media outlets.

Despite their resistance it is now clear to many that we desperately need WikiLeaks to reveal the truth. Wars are not invariably fought on lies, but they are often sold to the public with exaggeration and misrepresentation of facts.

Until now people with information that could cut through the fog had to trust journalists and put their lives in their hands. But even if whistleblowers did have faith, journalists can be legally compelled to reveal the names of their confidential sources.

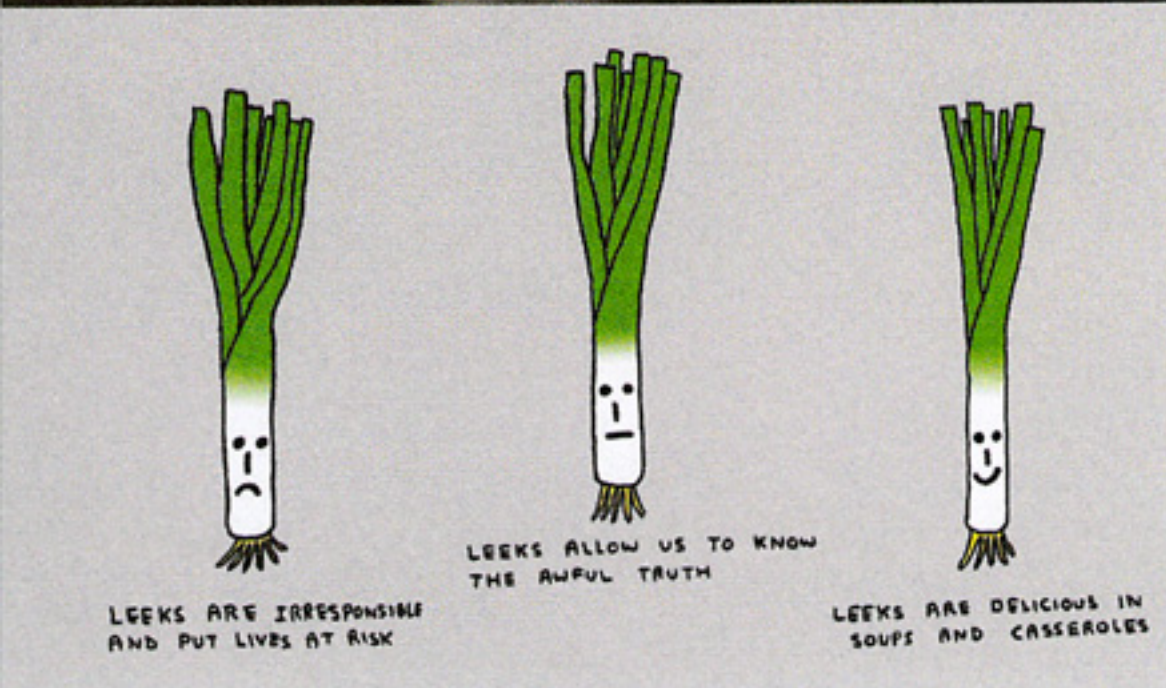
Using encrypted communications and technology to erase leakers’ digital fingerprints, WikiLeaks hosts its material on servers in European countries with tight privacy laws. Leaked documents are kept beyond the reach of any nation’s judicial process, and the site is a very secure and encouraging mechanism for courageous individuals to anonymously leak information vital to the public interest.

Valuing the individual’s right to know over all else, WikiLeaks’ “uncensorable system for untraceable mass document leaking” destroys the editorial role cherished by many media outlets by releasing all information to the public unfiltered.

“I am an information activist,” WikiLeaks creator Julian Assange told *the Guardian*. “We believe a richer intellectual and historical record that is fuller and more accurate is in itself intrinsically good and gives people the tools to make intelligent decisions.”

The potential impact of WikiLeaks in relation to its size is staggering. At the core of the organization is a group of only a half-dozen full-time volunteers. With their help one conscientious individual with important information can shake the world.

In 2006 Assange wrote that a social movement exposing secrets could “bring down many administrations that rely on concealing reality – including the US administration.”



To be sure, Assange and his team at WikiLeaks have faced challenges. They have been threatened with hundreds of lawsuits but so far no one has taken them to task in court.

In 2008 WikiLeaks itself revealed US counterintelligence plans to shut down its site. The classified report suggested: "The identification, exposure, termination of employment, criminal prosecution, legal action against current or former insiders, leakers or whistleblowers could potentially damage or destroy this center of gravity and deter others considering similar actions from using the WikiLeaks.org Web site."

These plans have proven ineffective.

Just as online piracy revolutionized copyright, the emergence of WikiLeaks has done the same for secrecy, and the PR and propaganda of war making has been dealt a huge blow. Governments can no longer conduct their dirty business in private, and whistleblowers with the guts to reveal the truth can impact the course of history.

In effect, the geopolitical game has changed forever. It takes a degree of public outrage to mobilize a population behind a war, and it is tempting to wonder how different American history could have been if an information-leaking mechanism like WikiLeaks had existed decades ago.

The most disastrous and devastating war in American history began with a bold-faced lie when the National Security Agency (NSA) fabricated intelligence describing an attack by North Vietnamese boats on a US destroyer in the Gulf of Tonkin. Midlevel NSA officials were responsible for the faulty intelligence, and a conscientious whistleblower within the agency could have prevented the widened war and the pain of untold millions of people in Southeast Asia and the United States.

The weeks before the invasion of Iraq were a crucial tipping point when millions of people marched in cities around the globe in some of the largest protests in history. There was a real, tangible feeling that our collective resistance could make a difference and stop a war that we knew was wrong. Yet without any evidence of the Bush administration's lies we would all soon sit stunned, watching bombs rain down on Baghdad live on CNN.

By revealing the falsehoods and manipulations that often underlie the case for war, WikiLeaks can alter the course of wars and maybe even prevent them. The true nature of WikiLeaks' capabilities will be seen in the lead-up to the next war launched on lies.

All wars are meme wars. And the PR campaign to strike Iran has been mounting for years. It is now much easier and safer for an individual with crucial information to expose official lies than it was in the lead-up to the wars in Vietnam or Iraq. If Western leaders attempt to deceive the public into waging another war in our name, the way is now clear for a brave source to come forward with information, confident in WikiLeaks' ability to protect his or her identity.

Blake Sifton

CAN WE TRUST THIS MAN WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS?



Israel's secretive possession of dozens of nuclear weapons is becoming increasingly uncomfortable for occupants of the region. In recent events, the state has revealed an aggressive and irrational streak operating at the heart of its politics.

This Middle East nuclear double standard needs to end. It is unreasonable to condemn Iran's overt nuclear ambitions on the one hand, while supporting Israel's secretive possession of nukes on the other.

A nuclear-free Middle East is the only sane solution for the region. And it is the only way to stop the ongoing conflict from spiraling out of control.

Send an email to President Obama telling him that as part of his strategy for a nuclear-free world you want him to start with a nuclear-free Middle East.

president@whitehouse.gov

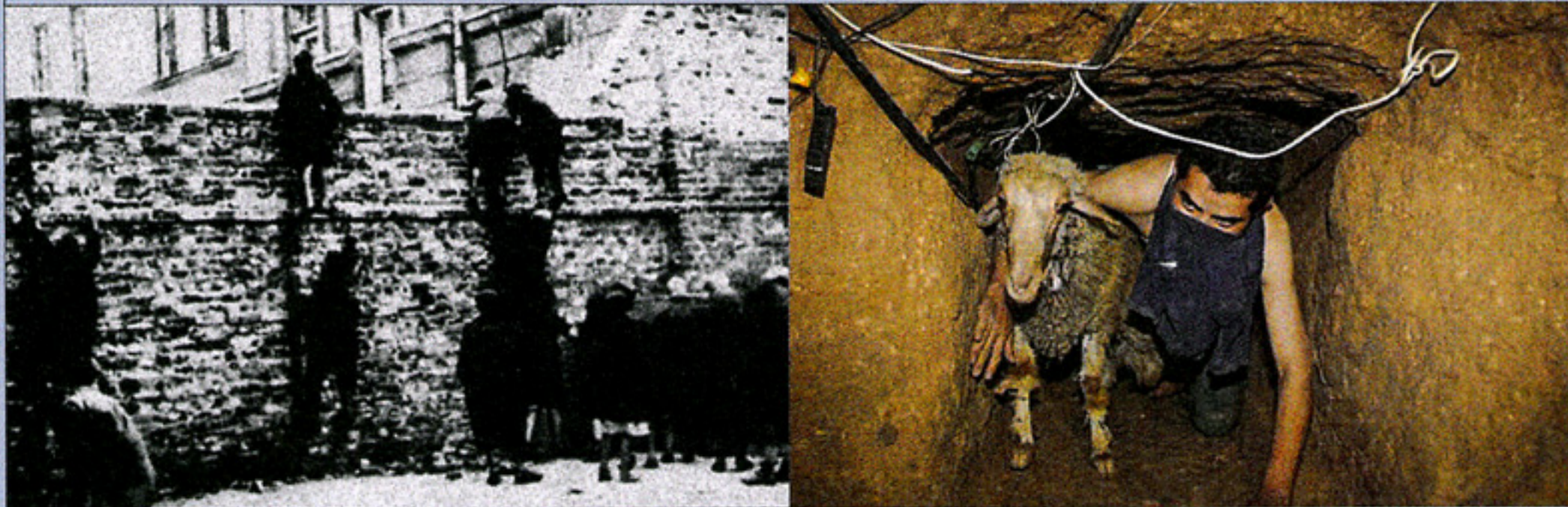
Truthbombs on Israeli TV



Nazi soldiers burn blocks of houses in the Warsaw Ghetto to flush out Jewish resistance fighters. Palestinian firefighters try to extinguish a burning medical warehouse ignited by Israeli bombs in Gaza.



The bodies of resistance fighters lie in the rubble of a destroyed building in the Warsaw Ghetto. Palestinians pull a wounded man from the ruins of a building hit by an Israeli missile in Gaza.



Young Jewish boys in Warsaw sneak over the ghetto's wall to bring back food. A young Palestinian smuggles a sheep into Gaza through an underground tunnel.

Cost of airing 30 second spot	Channel 10	Keshet channel 2	If you would like to help with the project, email memewarriors@adbusters.org
	\$2,200 between 5-8PM \$275 between 9AM-4PM	\$3,000 between 6-8PM \$495 between 7AM-4PM	



AFTER AMERICA, THERE IS NO PLACE TO GO

by Kitty Werthmann

What I am about to tell you is something you've probably never heard. And you may never read it in history books.

I believe that I am an eyewitness to history. I cannot tell you that Hitler took Austria by tanks and guns; it would distort history. We elected him by a landslide – 98 percent of the vote. I've never read that in any American publications. Everyone thinks that Hitler just rolled in with his tanks and took Austria by force.

In 1938 Austria was deep in the Depression. Nearly one-third of our workforce was unemployed. We had 25 percent inflation and 25 percent bank loan interest rates.

Farmers and business people were declaring bankruptcy daily. Young people were going from house to house begging for food. Not that they didn't want to work; there simply weren't any jobs. My mother was a Christian woman and believed in helping people in need. Every day we cooked a big kettle of soup and baked bread to feed those poor, hungry people – about 30 daily.

The Communist Party and the National Socialist Party were fighting each other. Blocks and blocks in cities like Vienna, Linz and Graz were destroyed. The people became desperate and petitioned the government to let them decide what kind of government they wanted.

We looked to our neighbor on the north, Germany, where Hitler had been in power since 1933. We had been told that they didn't have unemployment or crime, and they had a high standard of living. Nothing was ever said about persecution of any group – Jewish or otherwise. We were led to believe that everyone was happy. We wanted the same way of life in Austria. We were promised that a vote for Hitler would mean the end of unemployment and help for the family. Hitler also said that businesses would be assisted, and farmers would get their farms back. Ninety-eight percent of the population voted to annex Austria to Germany and have Hitler for our ruler.

We were overjoyed, and for three days we danced in the streets and had candlelight parades. The new government opened up big field kitchens and everyone was fed.

After the election German officials were appointed, and like a miracle, we suddenly had law and order. Three or four weeks later everyone was employed. The government made sure that a lot of work was created through the Public Work Service.

Hitler decided we should have equal rights for women. Before this it was a custom that married Austrian women did not work outside the home.

An able-bodied husband would be looked down on if he couldn't support his family. Many women in the teaching profession were elated that they could retain the jobs they previously had been required to give up for marriage.

HITLER TARGETS EDUCATION – ELIMINATES RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION FOR CHILDREN

Our education was nationalized. I attended a very good public school. The population was predominantly Catholic, so we had religion in our schools. The day we elected Hitler – March 13, 1938 – I walked into my schoolroom to find the crucifix replaced by Hitler's picture hanging next to a Nazi flag. Our teacher, a very devout woman, stood up and told the class we wouldn't pray or have religion anymore. Instead we sang "Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles" and had physical education.

Sunday became National Youth Day with compulsory attendance. Parents were not pleased about the sudden change in curriculum. They were told that if they did not send us, they would receive a stiff letter of warning the first time. The second time they would be fined the equivalent of \$300, and the third time they would be subject to jail. The first two hours consisted of political indoctrination. The rest of the day we had sports. As time went along, we loved it. Oh, we had so much fun and got our sports equipment free. We would go home and gleefully tell our parents about the wonderful time we had.

My mother was very unhappy. When the next term started she took me out of public school and put me in a convent. I told her she couldn't do that and she told me that someday when I grew up, I would be grateful. There was a very good curriculum but hardly any fun – no sports and no political indoctrination. I hated it at first but felt I could tolerate it. Every once in a while, on holidays, I went home. I would go back to my old friends and ask what was going on and what they were doing. Their loose lifestyle was very alarming to me. They lived without religion. By that time unwed mothers were glorified for having a baby for Hitler. It seemed strange to me that our society changed so suddenly. As time went along I realized what a great deed my mother did so that I wasn't exposed to that kind of humanistic philosophy.

EQUAL RIGHTS HITS HOME

In 1939 the war started and a food bank was established. All food was rationed and could only be purchased using food stamps. At the same time a full-employment law

was passed which meant that if you didn't work, you didn't get a ration card, and if you didn't have a card, you starved to death. Women who stayed home to raise their families didn't have any marketable skills and often had to take jobs more suited for men.

Soon after this the draft was implemented. It was compulsory for young people, male and female, to give one year to the labor corps. During the day the girls worked on the farms, and at night they returned to their barracks for military training just like the boys. They were trained to be antiaircraft gunners and participated in the signal corps. After the labor corps they were not discharged but were used in the front lines. When I go back to Austria to visit my family and friends, most of these women I see are emotional cripples because they just were not equipped to handle the horrors of combat. Three months before I turned 18, I was severely injured in an air raid. I nearly had a leg amputated, so I was spared having to go into the labor corps and into military service.

Hitler Restructured the Family Through Daycare
When the mothers had to go out into the work force, the government immediately established child care centers. You could take your children aged four weeks to school age and leave them there around-the-clock, seven days a week, under the total care of the government. The state raised a whole generation of children. There were no motherly women to take care of the children, just people highly trained in child psychology. By this time no one talked about equal rights. We knew we had been had.

HEALTH CARE AND SMALL BUSINESS SUFFER UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTROLS

Before Hitler, we had very good medical care. Many American doctors trained at the University of Vienna. After Hitler, health care was socialized, free for everyone. Doctors were salaried by the government. The problem was, since it was free, the people were going to the doctors for everything. When the good doctor arrived at his office at 8 a.m., 40 people were already waiting and, at the same time, the hospitals were full. If you needed elective surgery, you had to wait a year or two for your turn. There was no money for research as it was poured into socialized medicine. Research at the medical schools literally stopped, so the best doctors left Austria and emigrated to other countries.

Our tax rates went up to pay for programs. Newlyweds immediately received a \$1,000 loan from the government to establish a household. We had big programs for families. All day care and education were free. High schools were taken over by the

government and college tuition was subsidized. Everyone was entitled to free handouts, such as food stamps, clothing and housing.

We had another agency designed to monitor business. My brother-in-law owned a restaurant that had square tables. Government officials told him he had to replace them with round tables because people might bump themselves on the corners. Then they said he had to have additional bathroom facilities. It was just a small dairy business with a snack bar. He couldn't meet all the demands. He soon went out of business. If the government owned the large businesses and not many small ones existed, it could be in control.

We had consumer protection. We were told how to shop and what to buy. Free enterprise was essentially abolished. We had a planning agency specially designed for farmers. The agents would go to the farms, count the livestock, then tell the farmers what to produce and how to produce it.

"MERCY KILLING" REDEFINED

In 1944 I was a student teacher in a small village in the Alps. The villagers were surrounded by mountain passes which were closed off with snow in the winter, causing people to be isolated. So people intermarried and offspring were sometimes retarded. When I arrived I was told there were 15 mentally retarded adults, but they were all useful and did good manual work. I knew one, named Vincent, very well. He was a janitor of the school. One day I looked out the window and saw Vincent and others getting into a van. I asked my superior where they were going. She said to an institution where the State Health Department would teach them a trade – and to read and write. The families were required to sign papers with a little clause that they could not visit for six months. They were told visits would interfere with the program and might cause homesickness.

As time passed, letters started to dribble back saying these people died a natural, merciful death. The villagers were not fooled. We suspected what was happening. Those people left in excellent physical health and all died within six months. We called this euthanasia.

THE FINAL STEPS – GUN LAWS

Next came gun registration. People were getting injured by guns. Hitler said that the real way to catch criminals – we still had a few – was by matching serial numbers on guns. Most citizens were law abiding and dutifully marched to the police station to register their firearms. Not long





afterward, the police said that it was best for everyone to turn in their guns. The authorities already knew who had them, so it was futile not to comply voluntarily.

No more freedom of speech. Anyone who said something against the government was taken away. We knew many people who were arrested, not only Jews, but also priests and ministers who spoke up.

Totalitarianism didn't come quickly. It took five years – from 1938 to 1943 – to realize full dictatorship in Austria. Had it happened overnight, my countrymen would have fought to the last breath. Instead we had creeping gradualism. Now our only weapons were broom handles. The whole idea sounds almost unbelievable that the state, little by little, eroded our freedom.

After World War II, Russian troops occupied Austria. Women were raped, preteen to elderly. The press never wrote about this either. When the Soviets left in 1955, they took everything they could, dismantling whole factories in the process. They sawed down whole orchards of fruit, and what they couldn't destroy, they burned. We called it The Burned Earth. Most of the population barricaded themselves in their houses. Women hid in their cellars for six weeks as the troops mobilized. Those who couldn't paid the price. Today there is a monument in Vienna dedicated to those women who were massacred by the Russians.

This is an eyewitness account.

Those of us who sailed past the Statue of Liberty came to a country of unbelievable freedom and opportunity. America truly is the greatest country in the world. Don't let freedom slip away.

After America, there is no place to go.

Kitty Werthmann grew up in Austria under Hitler's regime before moving to America in 1950. Now 84 years old, Kitty spends her days defending the land of the free.



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COMING IN ADBUSTERS #93

WORLD WAR IV WILL BE FOUGHT INSIDE YOUR HEAD

Send us your stories, photographs, epiphanies:

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[<adbusters.org>](http://adbusters.org)





DAY 5+6

THE

It's about revolution, and always has been: the great cycles within and without. We go through seasons of living, seeking, adapting and then get comfortable with them and fall into the most violent kind of mindless regimen. Then we are in desperate need again of Sweet Revolution – deep change from within.

Jessica Forman

>>>>>>>>> Yodeling at McDonald's?

They should pull that commercial off the air and put that guy in the psych ward before it becomes a movement and a national security risk. What if everybody starts yodeling at McDonald's? It would be worse than zombies, worse than night of the living dead. It would certainly be worse than panty raids and men stealing women's underwear.

I tried to yodel and before I knew it I was issuing out-of-control vocal utterances and almost shit my pants. Think of the damage I could do if I was good at it. What if the yodeling at McDonald's commercial was a sinister training tape to teach people how to be insane at fast food restaurants? They should have armed guards at McDonald's ready with Thorazine in case people start doing it.

- Brian Schmarje

Hi Meme Warriors,
One good action would be to shut off the city light adverts in some of the world's leading metropolises for a day. For instance, shut down Piccadilly Circus or Times Square lights. Be great if it was a global coordinated action.

And it would enable us to look at the stars and remember who we are.

- Kim Ingemann, Denmark

Yesterday I was talking with some friends about how residential streets used to be closed down for parties (Queen's birthday, VE or VJ day, Coronation, and so on). One friend said that they shut down the streets every summer in Harlem for kids to play and the police seemed to accept this. Another friend said he saw a get-together in London where people had simply put cones at the end of the street and made hand-painted signs to divert traffic. Obstacles to this include massive increases in traffic and people not knowing as many of their neighbors as in the past, but it would be fun ... and all you need are a few cones, a couple of signs and maybe some bunting.

- Dave, London, UK

London idea: Critical Mass ... on Saturday Nov. 27 we turn up on either Oxford Street or Regent Street, or their intersection, and fill the streets and pavement with bike sound systems, performers and as many people as we can. We could stop the traffic for hours and party ... dancing and disrupting until riot police come.

- Chris Dent

Dear Adbusters, I live in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. While it was exciting to see the G8/G20 riots, they failed miserably to accomplish anything. We are surrounded here by major highways that pump our city's blood - trucks carrying our imports/exports and cars (mostly carrying one person each) that transport our commuters. I have fantasized about bringing these routes to a halt. I've thought of organizing a fleet of cars that would drive side by side across all lanes of the highways and gradually slow to a stop. I would spray paint a message across the highway - a reminder that our carbon emissions are still rising and that it's not acceptable. This message would be big enough for the news helicopters to see. I would set up a soccer game and hand out free water and I would encourage the angry commuters to come play. I'm so sick of being stuck in a culture that refuses to see the consequences of our actions. I want to wake people up and encourage meaningful human interaction. I want to rebel, but I don't want to do it alone. Adbusters, you beautiful thing, I know you can help. And I want to thank you for everything you've done and will continue to do. You beautiful shit disturbers, I love you.

Mike Frisina

Let's start a stink bomb campaign as part of the Carnivalesque Rebellion this November. Get a few hundred of them exploding all over America. Imagine: bad smells inside Bernanke's Federal Reserve, stink outs on the floor of the NYSE, rotten eggs hidden in the bathrooms of Congress ... gobs of rancid butter rubbed onto the pavement in front of Goldman Sachs. It's a campaign that could suddenly capture the public imagination and take off.

- Kono Matsu



The New Language of Civil Disobedience

by **Simon Critchley**

It seems to me that the great virtue
of contemporary anarchist practice
is its spectacular, creative and
imaginative disturbance of the state.

Contemporary anarchists have created a new language of civil disobedience that combines street-theater, festival, performance art and what might be described as forms of nonviolent warfare. What one sees in groups like Ya Basta! and Rebel Clown Army is carnivalesque humor deployed as a political strategy. David Graeber describes some of these phenomena with great wit:

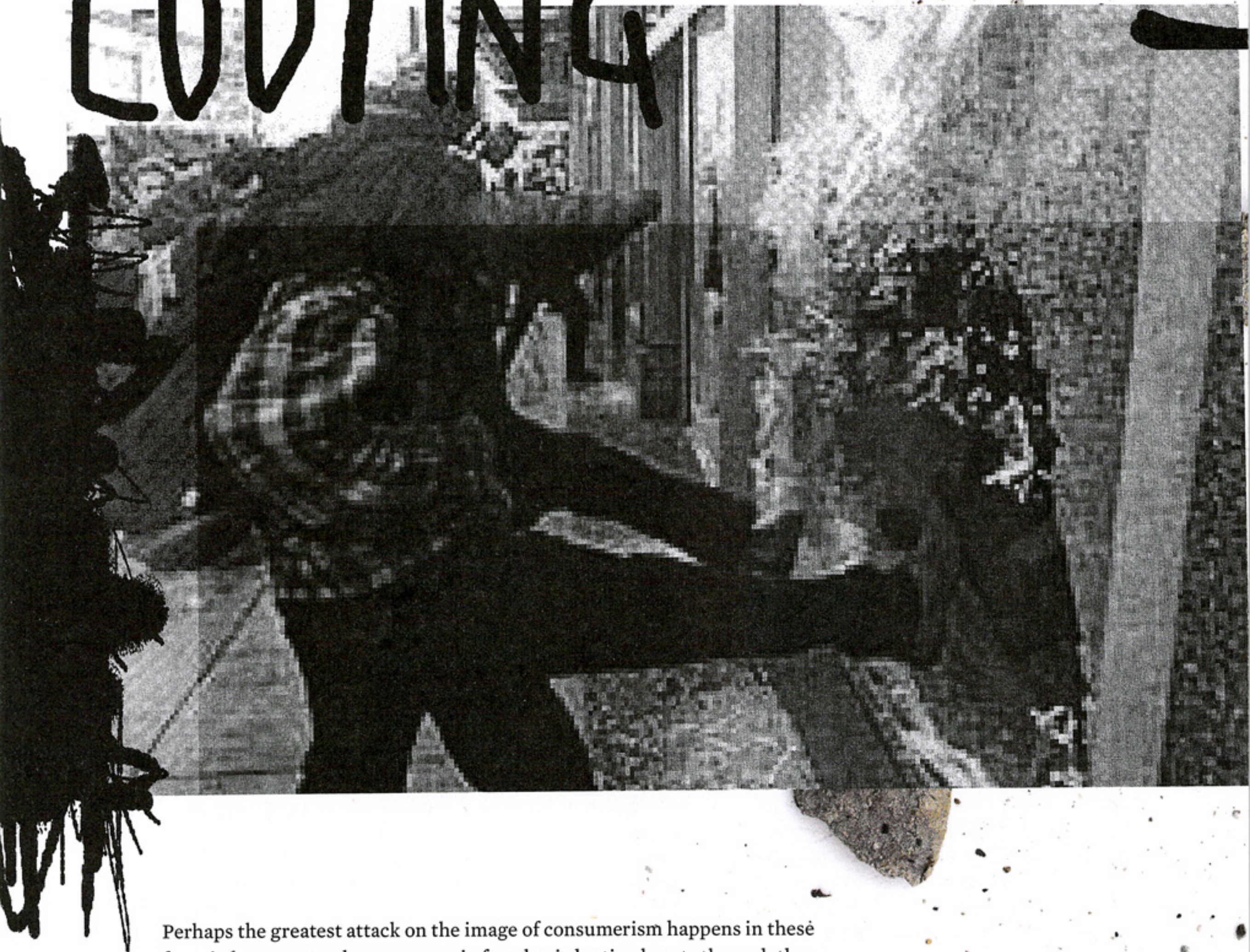
Anarchic political resistance should not seek to mimic and mirror the anarchic violent sovereignty it opposes.

Ya Basta! for example is famous for its *tute bianche* or "white overalls" tactics: men and women dressed in elaborate forms of padding, ranging from foam armor to inner tubes to rubber ducky flotation devices, helmets and chemical-proof white jumpsuits (their British cousins are well-clad WOMBLES [White Overalls Movement Building Liberation Effective Struggles]). As this mock army pushes its way through police barricades, all the while protecting each other against injury or arrest, the ridiculous gear seems to reduce human beings to cartoon characters – misshapen, ungainly, foolish, large, indestructible. The effect is only increased when lines of costumed figures attack police with balloons and water pistols or, like the Pink Bloc in Prague and elsewhere, dress as fairies and tickle them with feather dusters. At the American party conventions, Billionaires for Bush dressed in high-camp tuxedos and evening gowns and tried to press wads of fake money into the cops' pockets, thanking them for repressing dissent.

These comical tactics hide a serious critical political intent: They exemplify the effective forging of horizontal chains of equivalence or collective will formation across diverse and otherwise conflicting protest groups. Deploying a politics of subversion, contemporary anarchist practice exercises a satirical pressure on the state in order to show that other forms of life are possible. Picking up on my thoughts about humor, it is the exposed, self-ridiculing and self-undermining character of these forms of protest that I find most compelling as opposed to the pious humorlessness of most forms of vanguardist active nihilism and some forms of contemporary protest (I name no names). Groups like the Pink Bloc or Billionaires for Bush are performing their *powerlessness* in the face of power in a profoundly powerful way. Politically, humor is a powerless power that uses its position of weakness to expose those in power through forms of self-aware ridicule. This is why the strategy of nonviolent warfare is so important. Of course, history is habitually written by the people with the guns and sticks and one cannot expect to defeat them with mocking satire and feather dusters. Yet, as the history of ultra-leftist active nihilism eloquently shows, one is lost the moment one picks up the guns and sticks. Anarchic political resistance should not seek to mimic and mirror the anarchic violent sovereignty it opposes. It is rather a question of the cultivation of a *pacifist* activism that deploys techniques of nonviolent warfare or what we might even call "tactical frivolity." But – to adapt a phrase from Emmanuel Levinas – this is a difficult pacifism that constantly has to negotiate the limits of violence.

Simon Critchley currently teaches at The New School in New York. His book *Infinitely Demanding* is the culmination of his philosophical work to date.

EUPHORIA LOOTING



Perhaps the greatest attack on the image of consumerism happens in these frenzied moments when a tsunami of euphoric looting bursts through the windows of megacorporate stores. In a blitz, property is communized – and all take freely what each desires. Local, independent and mom-and-pop stores are conspicuously spared in these times of calculated plundering because what is happening here is an intentional strategy of expropriating the expropriators, of overthrowing the law of scarcity with the creed of surplus and, as Sotirios Bahtsetzis observes, of “rendering visible the emptiness and random replaceability of consumerist goods.” It is on this last point, that acts of looting become like sophisticated image attacks. Elated pillagers present the megacorporations with a lose-lose conundrum: either stand by while pictures of their ransacked stores show the world how they are despised; or renovate their premises, restock their shelves, pretend as if nothing happened and admit to the farce of consumerism by demonstrating that consumer goods are worthless because they are not unique, because they may be identically replaced with ease.

Micah White

What the world needs is an imagewar that shatters the consumer spectacle. It doesn't have to involve smashed and looted megastores, torched cop cars or blackspotted banks. But it is surely going to take a few hundred everyday folk who riot, find common cause in hoisting the black flag of rebellion and initiate a spiritual revolt.

Mindbombs in supermarkets, brand-attacks on Main Street, spoof-ad ambushes laid by anonymous jammers ... all this and more! A perpetual image-ambush is how to end the tyranny of consumerism. Imagine schoolteachers, churchgoers, punks and anarchist youth launching guerrilla theater against the consumer mindset, prisonbreaking the imagination. We're talking about full-spectrum psyops, nonstop asymmetrical warfare against the occupiers of our mental environment.

The victory of this liberation struggle will come from three revolutionary stratagems.

First, we give ourselves permission to totally disregard the laws of the corporate/consumerist State. Our attitude is disobedient indifference. Our righteousness comes from the democratic conviction that any government infected by the pox of consumerism is illegitimate. And as citizens of a usurper State, a plutocracy that has conquered our democracy, we are morally obligated to strike it down.

Second, we celebrate carnival and jest, not dour militancy. Vastly outnumbered and out-funded, our strength comes from stinging pranks, creative mischief and daring stunts. We deploy a politics of non-recuperation consisting of impossible demands that close the door on efforts by the State to co-opt, dissimulate or reform. Our only campaign objective is collapse of the status quo; we fight for nothing but a total rout. But we do it all with joy and laughter, leaving power with no way to respond.

Third, this is a politics of permanent insurrection, of constant agitation that replaces the drudgery of waiting for revolution. What starts in November will extend beyond seven days because November is only the beginning. It is a life-changing event where we learn to be on the constant prowl against consumerism. Normalcy will never return.

Imagewar means a living rebellion that replaces one-off events with, as Sotirios Bahtsetzis describes the Greek uprising, "continuous political sabotage of the current order of things."

Micah White

THREE REVOLUTIONARY THRUSTS

During my subscription to *Adbusters*, I have most appreciated having my eyes opened and mind expanded. Your last issue, *I, Revolution* [*Adbusters*, #91], revolted me because of the violence it was built upon. Inciting people to use tools of oppression to oppress those who oppress you is a fallacy. Gandhi and Dr. King created revolutions by focusing on truth and peaceful means. One can only claim reality by correctly perceiving reality and I'm afraid that your publication has created a false avatar of itself that it firmly believes in more than anything else.

James Wood

"It is dangerous to be right
when the government is wrong."

Voltaire

James, see what Gandhi,
Hannah Arendt and Ken
O'Keefe have to say on where
to draw the line on violence in
the following pages. - Eds.



When you join a Black Bloc, you render yourself indistinguishable from all other participants. You are in effect saying, "Any act done by any of us might as well have been done by me." At the same time you know that each one of those other participants is looking out for you, watching your back, that while everyone is trying to avoid arrest, the one situation for which most will be willing to risk arrest will be to save you from being arrested. It's precisely this that, for so many, makes Black Bloc tactics feel so liberating: It is a way to create one fleeting moment when autonomy is real and immediate – a space of liberated territory, in which the laws and arbitrary power of the state no longer apply, in which we draw the lines of force ourselves.

– David Graeber

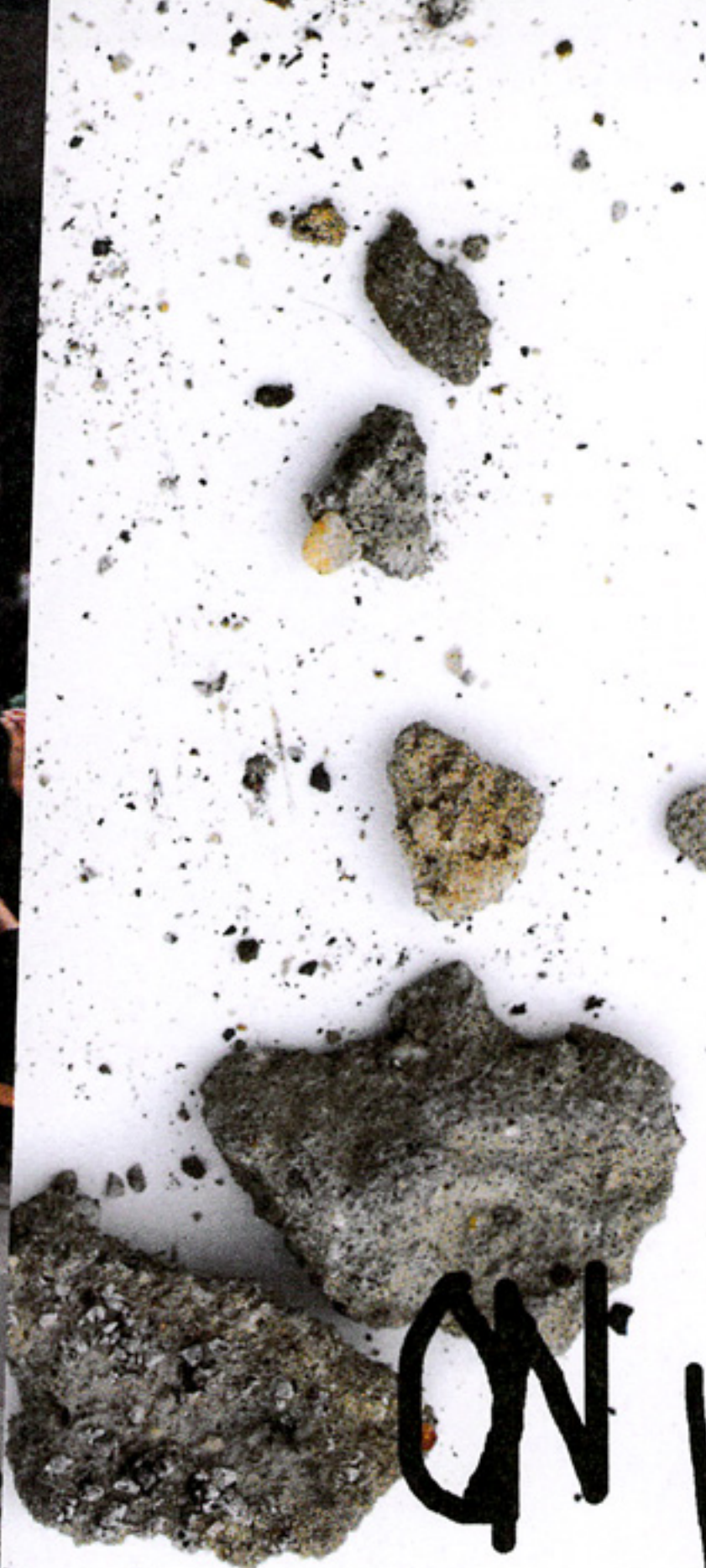


Geoff Robins, AFP Photo

IMAGE AMBUSH

At the recent G8/G20 protests in Toronto, a handful of scrawny, anonymous kids pulled off a bold image ambush. Turning an abandoned police car into a spontaneous site for cathartic release, they laid siege to a symbol of consumerism-defended-by-force and displayed for the world the angst and rage that is seething below the surface. No person was injured in their action, but irreparable damage was done to the illusion of invulnerability that deters critique of the corporatist State. It was imagewar on a grand, global scale: the brains of billions of people seared with images of their coup, as news of the shattered spectacle traveled from Toronto to the living rooms of Washington DC, Beijing and beyond. And for one everlasting moment, the tide of advertisements was interrupted with an unforgettable image of power in retreat.

Micah White



Where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence I would advise violence. Thus when my eldest son asked me what he should have done had he been present when I was almost fatally assaulted in 1908, whether he should have run away and seen me killed or whether he should have used his physical force, which he could and wanted to use, and defended me, I told him that it was his duty to defend me even by using violence. Hence it was that I took part in the Boer War, the so-called Zulu Rebellion and the late war. Hence also do I advocate training in arms for those who believe in the method of violence. I would rather have India resort to arms in order to defend her honor than that she should in a cowardly manner become or remain a helpless witness to her own dishonor.

GANDHI

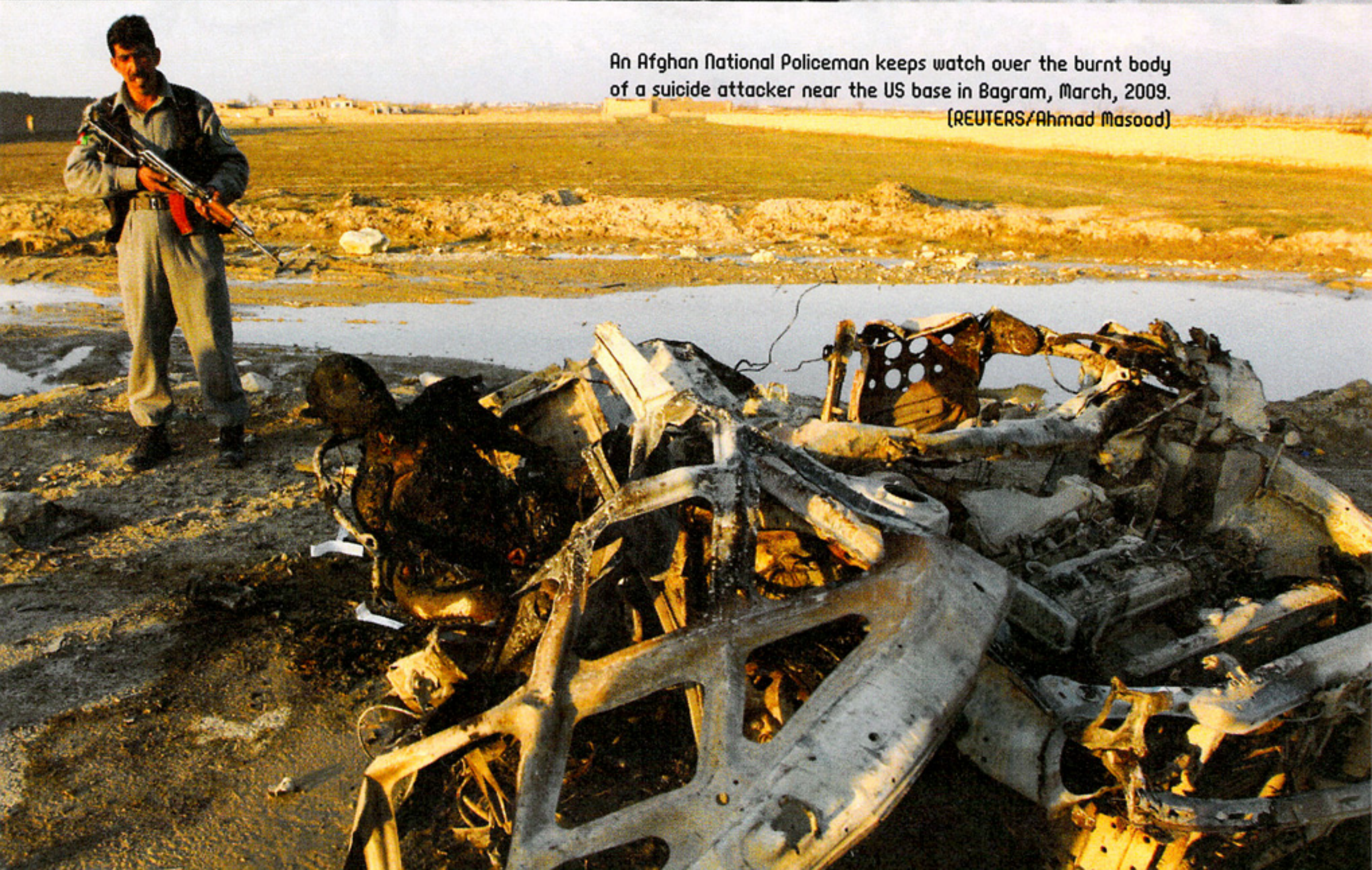
ON VIOLENCE

To resort to violence in view of outrageous events or conditions is enormously tempting because of its inherent immediacy and swiftness. It goes against the grain of rage and violence to act with deliberate speed; but this does not make it irrational. On the contrary, in private as well as public life there are situations in which the very swiftness of a violent act may be the only appropriate remedy. The point is not that this will permit us to let off steam – which indeed can be equally well done by pounding the table or by finding another substitute. The point is that under certain circumstances violence – acting without argument or speech and without counting the consequences – is the only way to set the scales of justice right again. (Billy Budd striking dead the man who bore false witness against him is the classic example.)¹ In this sense, rage and the violence that sometimes, not always, goes with it belong among the “natural” human emotions, and to cure man of them would mean nothing less than to dehumanize or emasculate him.

HANNAH ARENDT



US soldiers gun down a dozen Iraqis including two Reuters journalists from an Apache helicopter gunship, July, 2007.
(WikiLeaks.org)



An Afghan National Policeman keeps watch over the burnt body of a suicide attacker near the US base in Bagram, March, 2009.
(REUTERS/Ahmad Masood)

I say to every red-blooded American, every European, every human: If someone comes into your home, threatens your family, imprisons and even kills your family what do you do? I do not care if every Westerner of any station is afraid to say it, it is part of my purpose in life to say it: I would fight. In fact I would kill before I would allow my family to be harmed. I would fight to the death.

I say to my American brothers and sisters in particular: Can you not see that the Iraqis, the Afghanis and the Palestinians are people? They are mothers and fathers, uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters and sons and daughters. They love their family every bit as much as you. Imagine that you were in their shoes. Would you be passive? Would you sit by and watch your wife and child being violated? Or would you fight?

I want every reader of this article to come on a journey with me. We are in our home. We are brothers, poor in terms of money but rich in our love of family. We love each other as brothers do. Our wives are in the kitchen preparing food for our children. We do our best, poor and impoverished, surrounded by war brought in the form of occupiers from halfway around the world. The sound of rifle butts banging on the door shatters the semblance of peace. You, my brother, go to the door quickly, but not quickly enough. The door slams open and the soldiers from another land come storming in.

With weapons pointed at our heads, they shout orders which we believe tell us to put our hands on our heads and get down on our knees. We are not sure, English is a language brought to us, not our mother tongue. Our wives come to the room frightened, begging the soldiers to calm down for the sake of the children in the other room. The soldiers respond by shouting at our wives and pushing my wife to the ground with their assault rifles. Our hearts are racing; our manhood is being crushed; and we wonder if we are men at all.

The shouting and the chaos increase. Next comes the sound of your baby girl. You hear her crying for her mother. You imagine her look: terrified. Thinking of your little baby girl you feel tears on your face. You look at your wife; she is now on the ground, bleeding from where the rifle butt slammed into her

head. In the chaos you do not even know when this happened. The soldiers begin throwing all that we own everywhere, overturning furniture, throwing papers and family items to the ground and breaking dishes. They ransack while one demands to know our names. As soon as I say my name they grab me and take me into the next room, the room between you and our children. They begin to beat me, mercilessly. They are shouting at me, but you do not know what they are saying.

Now all the children are crying frantically, the soldiers keep yelling and you catch the word "terrorist." You realize that they are calling me, your brother who you have known your whole life, a "terrorist." I plead with them to stop the beating, blood drenching every inch of my face, for the sake of the children, who are by now screaming, crying and begging for their mom and dad, I beg. All you can think to do is nothing: You are paralyzed. And eventually the soldiers take me away ... You will never hear from me again.

Your children are alive, for now, and your wife will survive, but she is scarred. Your sister-in-law is without her husband; you are without your brother; your parents are without their son and the children are without a father. You find out later that "someone" gave your brother's name to the soldiers as a "terrorist."

And so you ponder, do I do nothing or do I resist?

This is a scenario of war/occupation. It is not extreme – it is inherent. Indeed we could include scenarios where wives and daughters are raped in front of husbands and fathers. You think Americans do not do this? You are wrong. War makes everyone crazy; the question is to what degree. Insanity is inherent in war. The folly of chanting "Support the troops!" while sending them off to bullshit wars could not be more stark.

And so I ask: If you came from the lands we invade, would you fight? And if you did, would you see yourself as a "terrorist"? Or a man?

And if you did not fight, would you see yourself as noble? Or cowardly?

Ken O'Keefe, worldcitizen.uk.net

Nonviolence does not mean meek submission
to the will of the evil-doer,

but it means the pitting of one's whole soul against the will of the tyrant.

Working under this law of our being, it is possible for a single individual
to defy the whole might of an unjust empire
to save his honour, his religion, his soul

and lay the foundation for that empire's fall
or its regeneration.

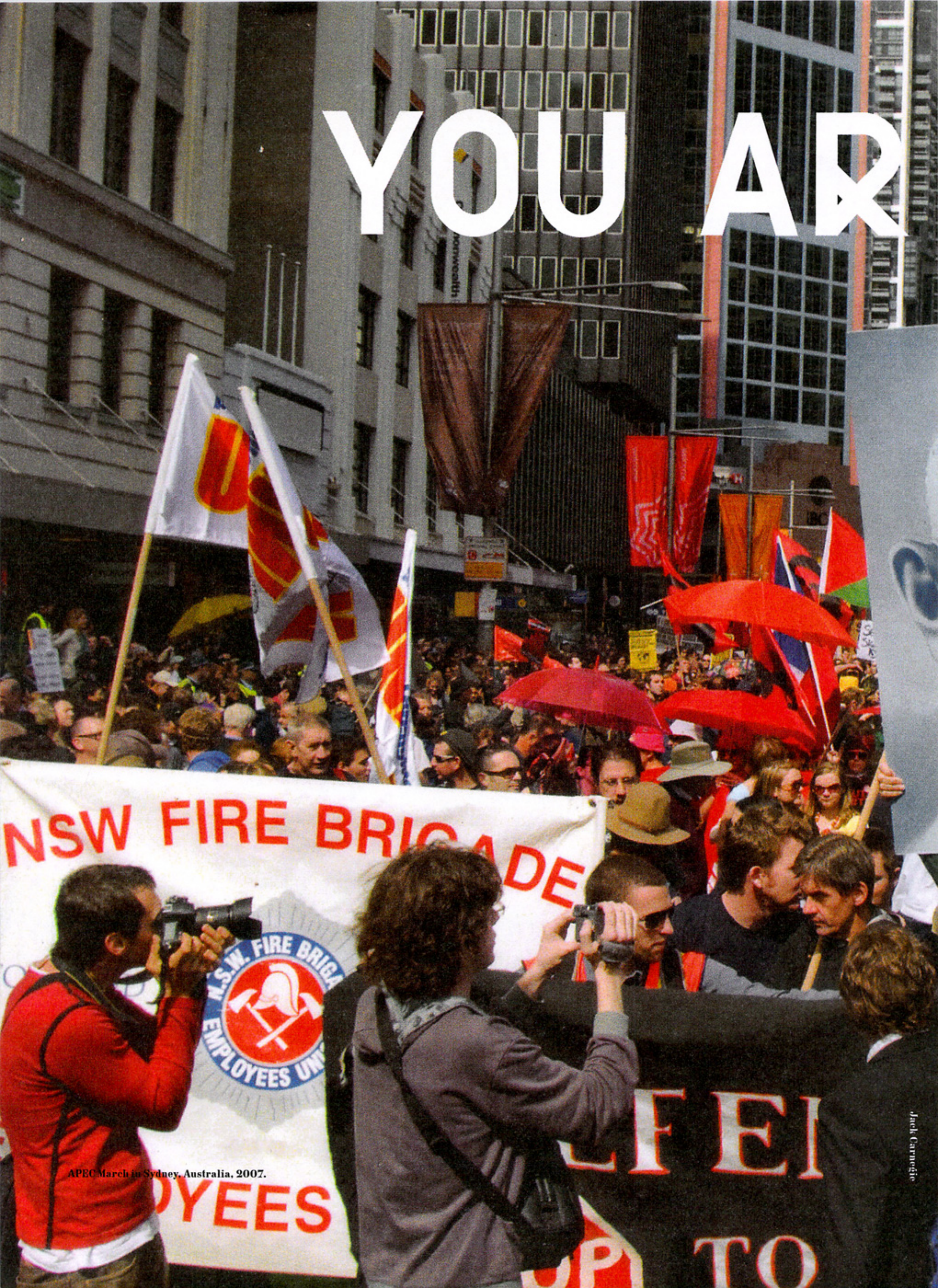
— Gandhi

ΕΙΛΙΚΕΙ ΑΣΤΥΝ ΔΥΝΑΜΕΙΣ

Υ Α Τ

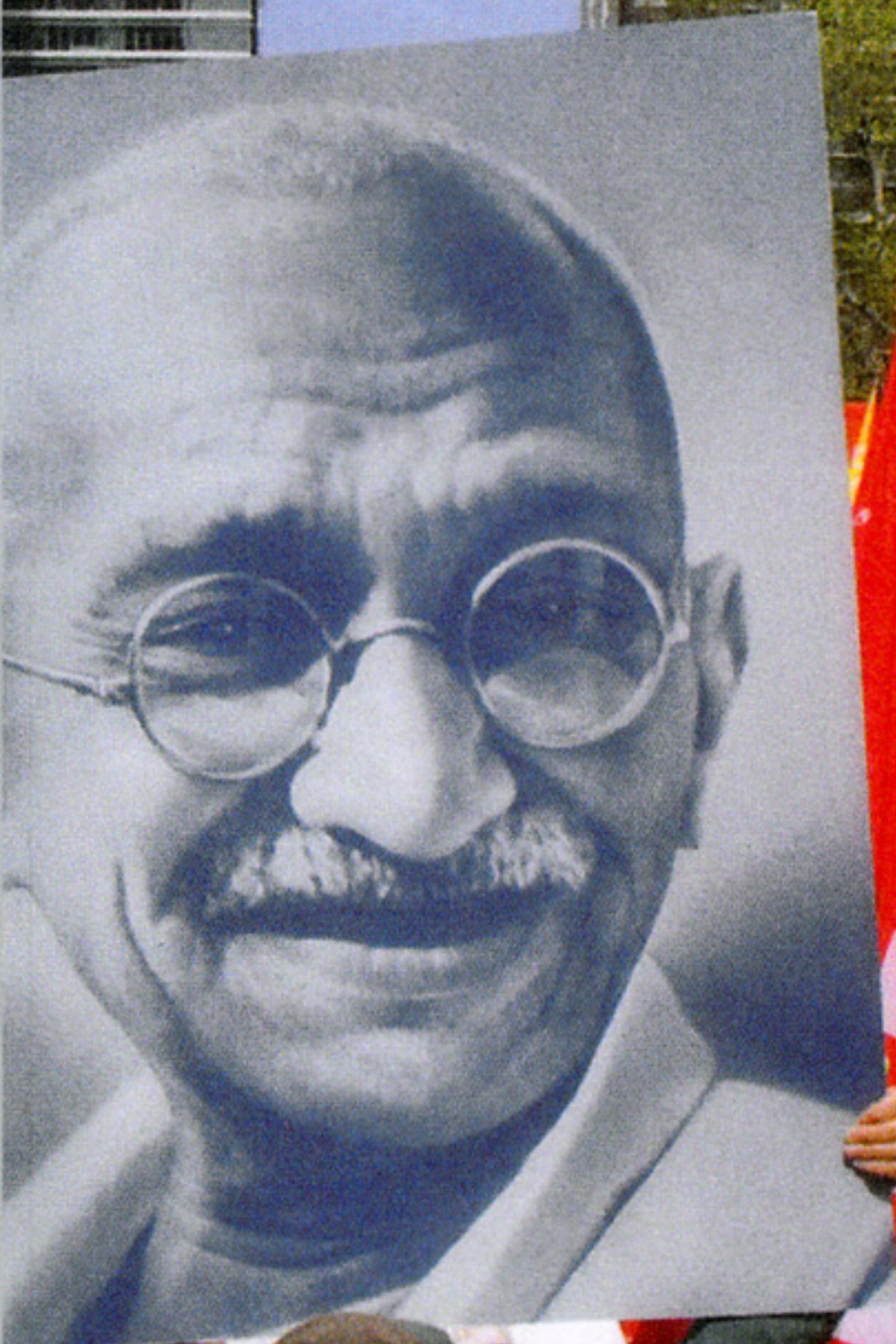


YOU ARE



APEC March in Sydney, Australia, 2007.

E HERE



First they ignore you,
then they laugh at you,
then they fight you,
then you win.

Gandhi



DAY 7

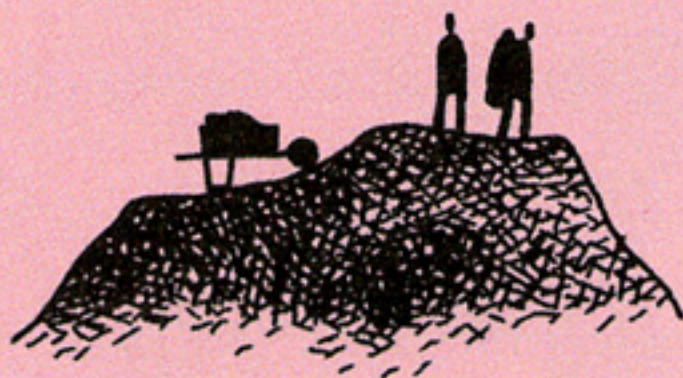
Krysta, my mother cleaned my room until I was 18

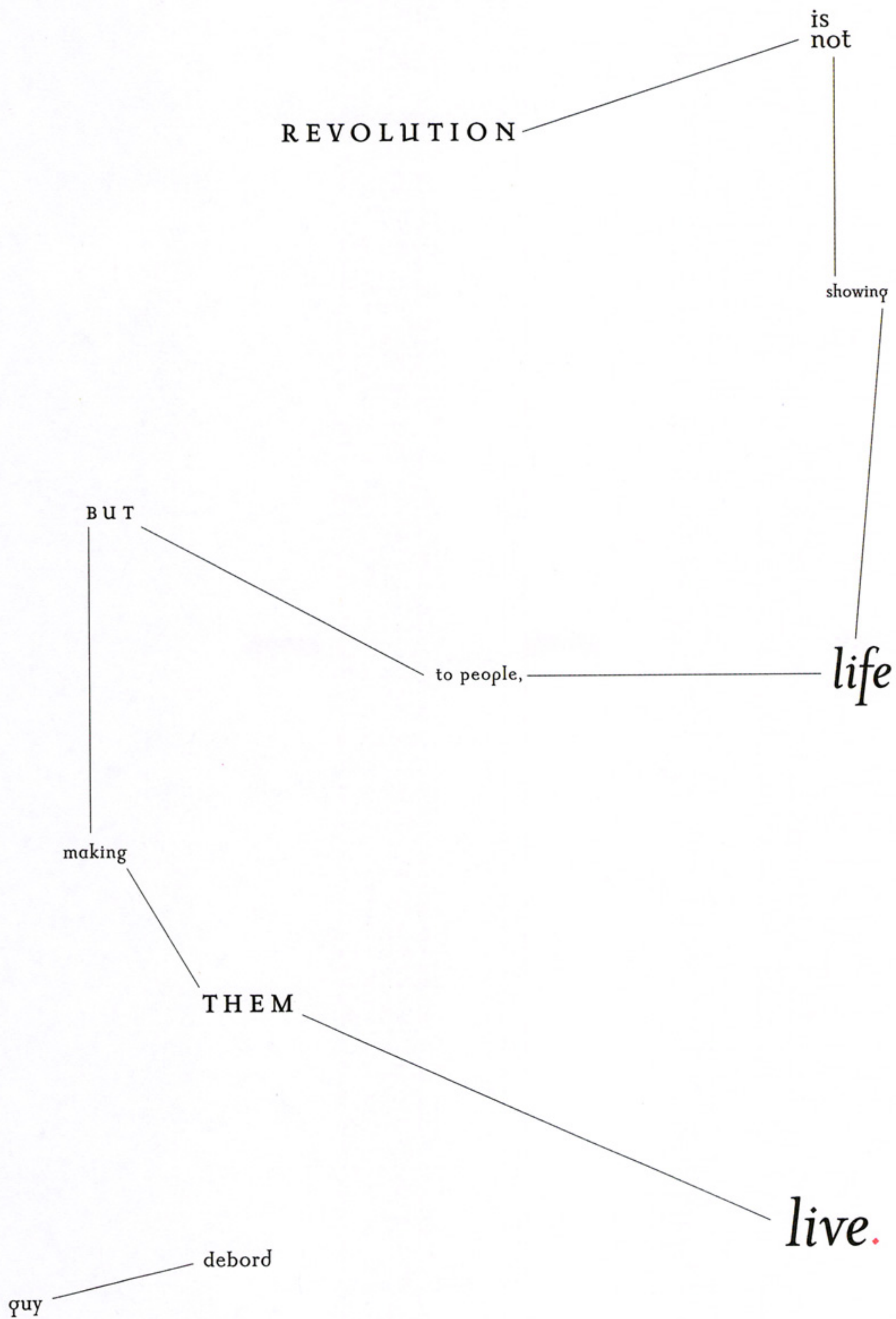
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REST

Lynn and Dying Lizzy

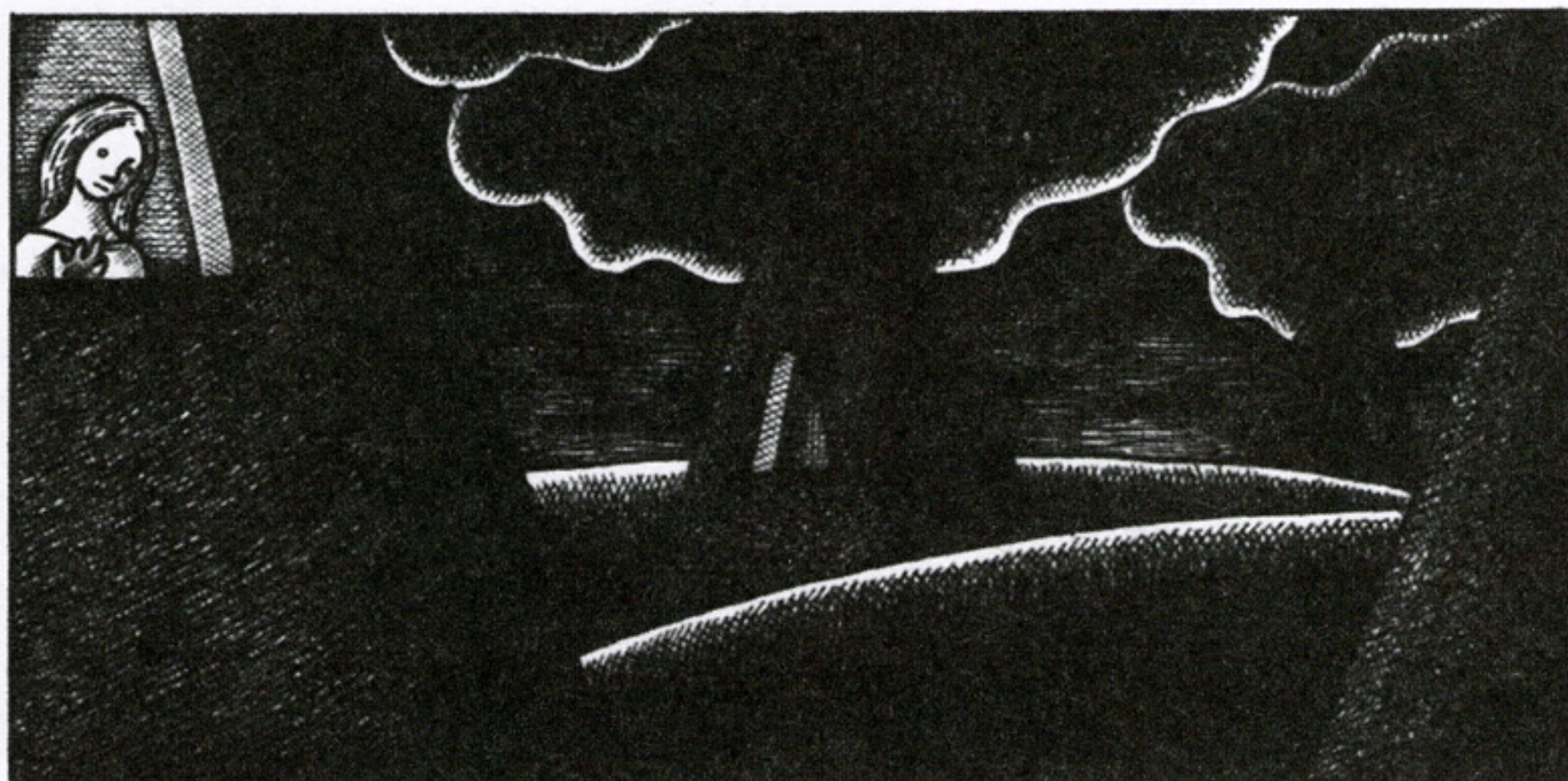








I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan————like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it...

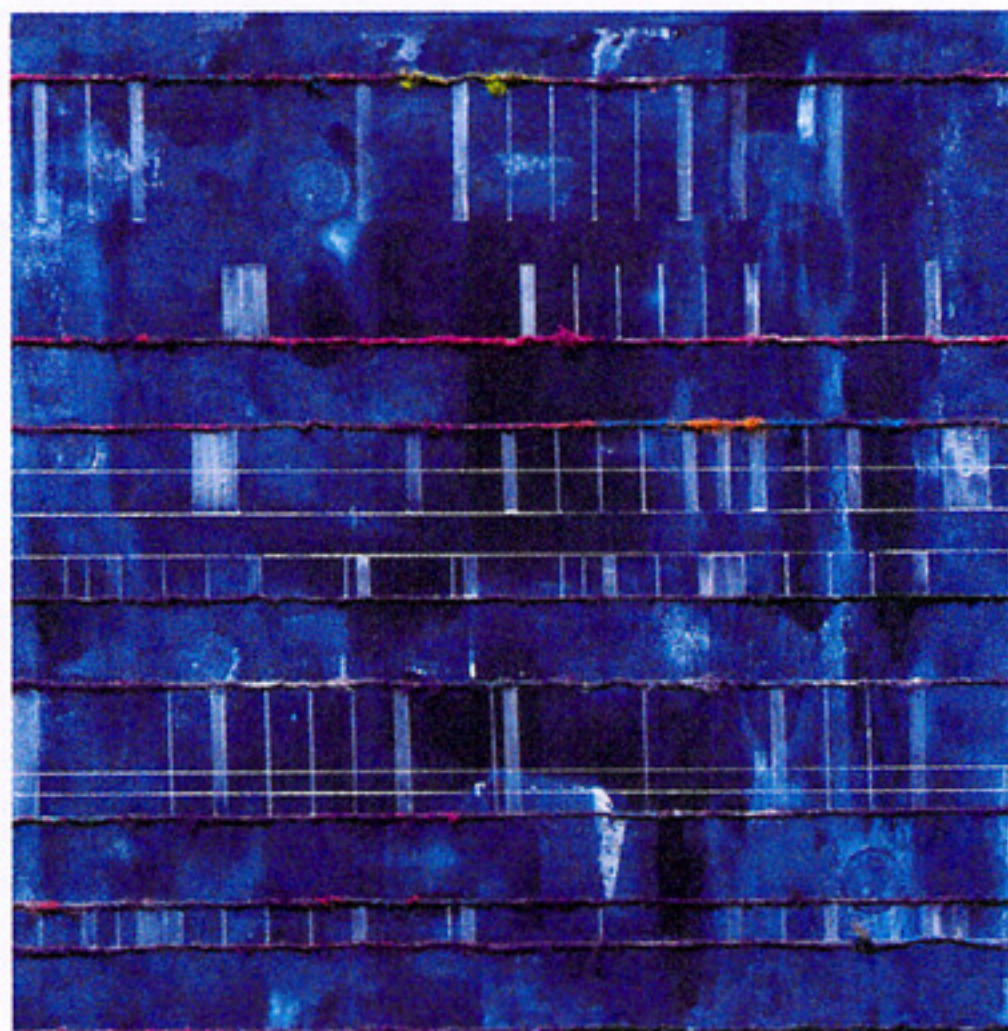




Philippe Halsman

RUN COMRADES

THE OLD WORLD IS BEHIND YOU



I have a theory that when great social changes are about to take place, something happens in the arts first. Think of Romanticism and the French Revolution, of the Russian avant-garde in the years 1905 to 1915 and of Aleksandr Rodchenko's slogan "Art into life!" That was close to the motto of Fluxus, led by students in John Cage's seminar in experimental composition at the New School in New York. Cage himself was an auditor in D. T. Suzuki's seminar on Zen Buddhism at Columbia. Marcel Duchamp had become an intellectual force through Cage and through the publication of Robert Lebel's study of Duchamp's thought and practice. The students at Columbia in April 1968 believed in some version of the SDS idea that they should participate in the decisions that affected their lives, hence in breaking down the barriers that confined them to what Kant – in his essay "What Is Enlightenment?" – called their "nonage."

Arthur C. Danto,
originally published in ARTFORUM



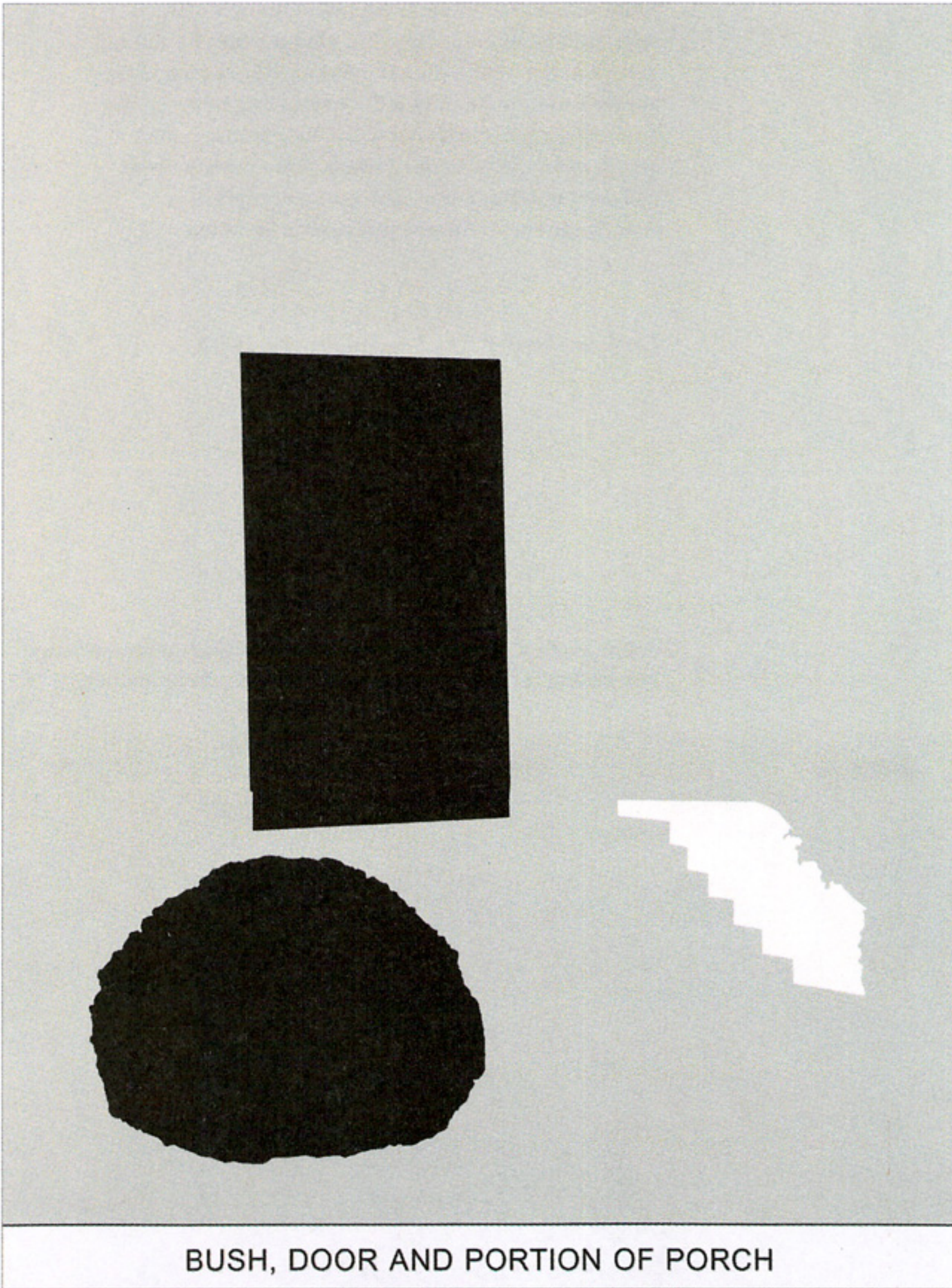
Andreas Gursky, Hong Kong Shanghai Bank

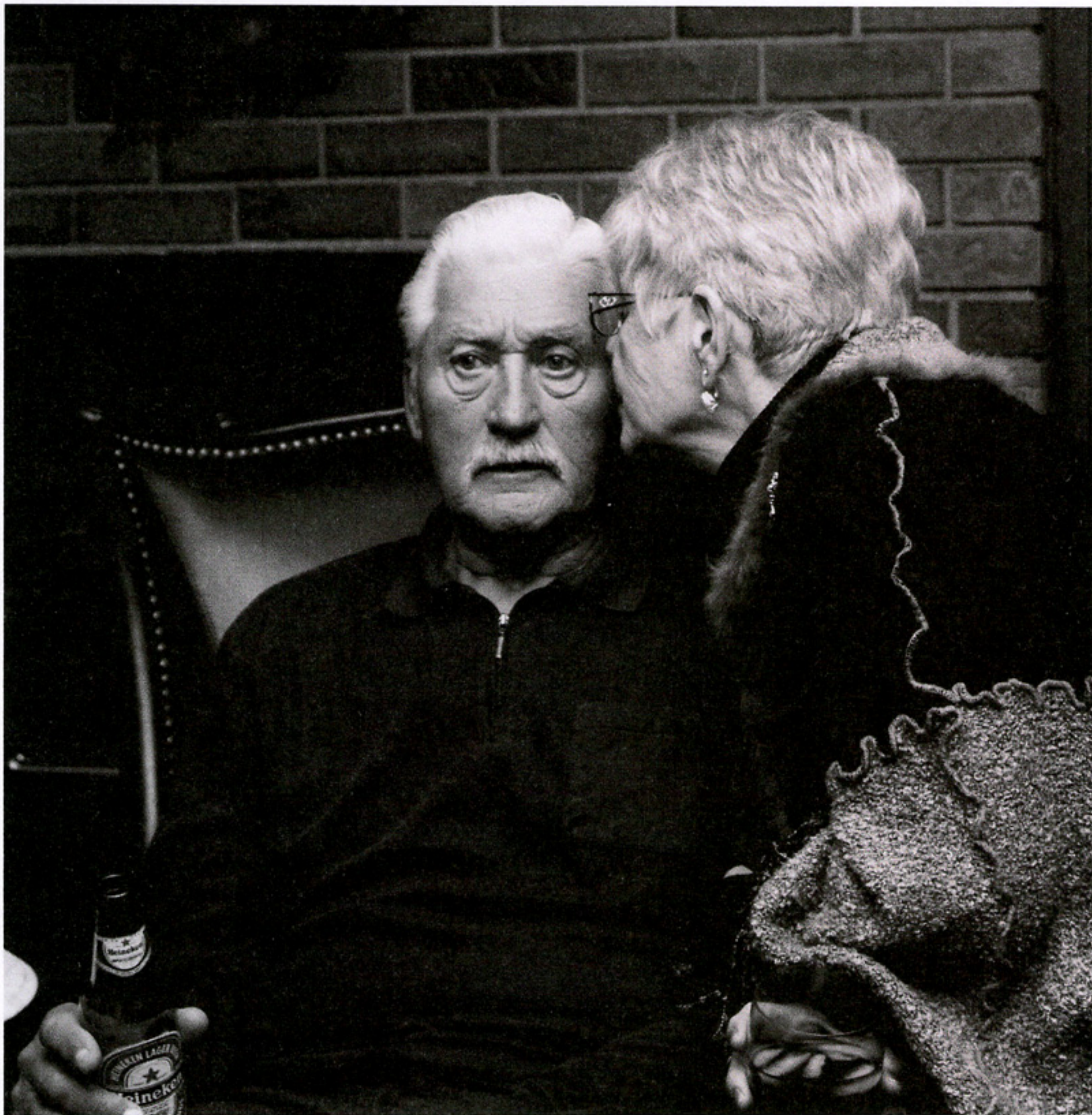
I have always been considered too ignorant or too stupid to run my own life in my own way. I was, and still am, judged incompetent. Leave it to the expert: Do as I am told, and all will be well. It isn't. It never was and it never will be. The experts are still at it, each with his own little bit of specialized knowledge which he claims gives him the right to direct me along lines which I have always known instinctively are wrong. Since experience has taught me to trust myself and distrust the expert, I now declare a state of open revolt. It is a private revolt and owes nothing to any man, group or party. It is strictly Me versus Anyone-you-care-to-mention.

Lawrence Morley, *The Progressive Anarchist*

Pakistani flood victim Mohammed Nawaz hangs onto a moving raft waiting to be rescued. (Paula Bronstein, Getty Images)







Nicholas Hughes, Edge, Verso 1 #29, 2000

There is no one to save you. It is up to you. And me. Courage. So that night triumphs no more.

Wayne Spencer

**I love
you**